

THE ACADEMY

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE & ART

No. 1876

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LIFE AND LETTERS

MR. BRYCE, the British Ambassador at Washington, has evidently been acquiring wisdom and enlightenment since his stay in the United States. Some time ago we had occasion to point out to him that his views on the subject of contemporary poetry were in need of "overhauling," and it is with pleasure that we are able to record the fact that he is advancing by leaps and bounds. He has lately been asking an American audience why it is that men of genius and the highest culture are no longer on the side of "Liberalism." We are not sure that we should altogether endorse his explanation of the phenomenon, but we can at any rate say that for Mr. Bryce to have arrived at the state of mind in which he is able to ask himself such a question is a thing very much to his credit. The beneficent effect of a sojourn in the United States of America in the case of those who are infected with an excess of Democratic acid (so to speak) can hardly be overestimated. The cleverest people in the world sometimes stand in need of that form of instruction which is usually reserved for the most simple: the object-lesson. If only our prominent popular demagogues and our brilliantly clever "philosophical Radicals" could be allowed to spend, each in turn, a year in a country where the government "of the people by the people and for the people" has been allowed to work itself out to its logical conclusion, as it has in the United States, what an effect would be produced. The effect would be so violent that they would probably be in danger of rushing to an extreme position on the other side, and, in that case, they might be invited to spend another year in Russia, where they might, with equal advantage, study the ripe fruits of government "of the people by the official for the official." At the end of it all they would be in a position to revise their opinions as to the beneficent results of the French Revolution, and to go into the question of whether Macaulay was a "historian" or something altogether different which is known by a much less flattering name.

In the January number of the *Church Quarterly Review* appears a just and wise examination of the question whether a Royal Commission is necessary with a view to reforming the University of Oxford. It is written by one of the small number of University authorities whose influence is likely to be felt outside their University—Dr. Spooner, the Warden of New College. We do not call their numbers small by way of reproach, for many officials unknown outside their University or College have done more useful work within those spheres than colleagues well-known to the world have done else-

where. The qualities required are different, frequently even incompatible, and at any rate rarely combined. Dr. Spooner's broad contention is that from past experience a Commission may be expected not only to do no good but to do the positive harm which that expedient has done more than once before, and that a Commission would not touch the authorities in whose hands the power for increased service to Society lies—namely, those independent and far wealthier corporations the Colleges.

We have space for little more than quotations of the admirable maxims propounded by Dr. Spooner, and can only refer our readers to the study of his able paper. It is well and clearly written, and will prove anything but dull reading. Dr. Spooner writes:

The interposition of the Government, and so of political partizanship, in educational affairs which would be the inevitable accompaniment to the appointment of a Commission has not been so satisfactory either in the case of other departments of English education or in that of the Universities of Scotland and Ireland as to make any but fanatics anxious to see it extended to the internal affairs of the older English Universities. The State has ever proved more of a stepmother than of a real mother to learning and education.

These are precisely the sentiments expressed by the gentler language of the schools, which we have been shouting during the past year in the strident tones required in order to be heard in the Babel of the daily and weekly Press. We do not know whether Dr. Spooner means this Government presided over by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman or Mr. Asquith—we think not—or any Government whatever, we mean the latter.

We cannot quite sympathise even with Dr. Spooner's more moderate thunders against "the large number of idle and luxurious undergraduates by which the University and its teachers are, *it is contended*, encumbered and overwhelmed." (The italics are ours.) We have before protested at the naughty vandalism of these babies. But surely a few dogs' tails, even of the best breeds, should be, in the eyes of the Politician and the Social Reformer, a low price to pay for bringing Alcibiades under Socratic influence. It is as much the duty of the Universities and their teachers to control erratic flames of temperament as to blow up feeble sparks of knowledge with the bellows of the lecture and examination. We doubt whether the main body of weak Exhibitioners eventually do better service to the State and society than the ill-behaved boys, who are such a scandal to Dr. Paget and even to Dr. Gore.

As regards the purely scholastic end of a University, we can again fully sympathise with Dr. Spooner when he states that:

A University exists primarily not to foster or enforce a certain standard of education in bodies external to itself, but to impart the highest kind of instruction and training in different branches of knowledge to all those who wish to avail themselves of its services.

(The italics are again ours.) This is the liberal view of a University. Again, we have expressed it many times. Attempts are continually being made by what is called, broadly, the Liberal Party in politics, practically the Radical, or Socialistic, or Nonconformist section of it, to cut the University coat out of the working-man's cloth; to make use of the revenues and the very names of universities to found final grade board schools; in fact, to abolish the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, and Dublin. It is for this reason that we have so often, and even violently, deplored the growing practice of highly-trained and able writers connected with the Universities of devoting their talents exclusively to turning out crowds of superficial upper-grade text-books, and neglecting serious work on their particular subjects. They seem to us to repudiate the very mother that bore them; their education might as well have stopped at the Training College.

Though we are generally in favour of retaining rather than of abolishing forms which have been long established, on the ground that they give colour to life, we are inclined to think that "kissing the book" as a preventive of perjury

might as well be abolished. It is a nasty custom, and possibly unwholesome, and it would be difficult to say what effect, if any at all, it has on the witness whose veracity it is supposed to stimulate. The New Testament has now become so common a volume, through injudicious hawking, that it commands no more respect than the railway-guides and hotel advertisements among which it is disseminated with pious intent. The particular copies tendered to witnesses are also usually not only of the commonest, but of the most unclean. We have also often wondered whether any text at all is contained within their covers. A great poet used to relate that when as a sceptical school-boy he was taken too much to church by a devout mother, he had Théophile Gautier's "Mademoiselle de Maupin" bound as a Church Service, in which he read with edifying devotion. We wonder what the nasty little volumes tendered by Commissioners of Oaths contain. Perhaps ready-reckoners, provided with the idea that they are for use on the Day of Judgment. That is a fine idea, which might have good effect. We present it to the Law. As to kissing, we wonder whether the volumes are ever kissed. Although we have often made statements upon oath without committing perjury or refusing to "kiss the book," we have never been able to stomach the actual kiss; a stage salute has always proved sufficient.

The other day, a man giving evidence in a case before magistrates kissed the Testament and proceeded to answer questions seemingly quite truly, when the eye of the counsel who was examining him suddenly fell on features so incompatible with a due regard for the text that he felt bound to inquire whether the witness was by any chance a Jew. He owned to the fact, but excused himself by explaining that he was an English Jew, and did not "follow religion much." On further inquiry it transpired that he did not know what the Pentateuch was. However, he was put through the ceremony of kissing that compilation. It is a question whether a "Testament," having a suggestion of a will about it, and consequently of valuables, would not have had more effect on the mind of this ingenuous Jew than a "Pentateuch," which would rather suggest a hall of entertainment or a residential space.

We also wonder whether the formality prevents the conscientious witness from concealing facts when a higher duty, unrecognised by English law, compels him to do so. We hope and think not. We remember hearing a just and eminent Judge, who still adorns the Bench with general esteem, trying a case of wife-murder committed under great provocation, in which not only the children but the remoter relatives and neighbours of the murderer committed "perjury" up to the eyes in order to save the murderer, without incurring even a remonstrance from any one. The poor murderer was hanged, deeply penitent, justly we think. It was a case when human justice corresponded best with Divine mercy by severity. But we have had special confidence in that Judge ever since, because he appeared to us to recognise that to those half-barbarous witnesses true equity lay for them in legal perjury. The Court volume of the Gospels got worn that day, by a right, illegal usage.

A correspondent writes:—I see by a paragraph in the *Westminster Gazette* that an immense advance has been made since the early days of State elementary education. At first, it seems, the list of compulsory subjects was restricted absolutely to Reading, Writing, and Arithmetic; now, drawing, observation lessons, Nature-study, music, hygiene, and physical training are all of obligation:

To a great extent (says the *Westminster*) we owe this development to the enlightened policy of the Progressist thinkers amongst us.

I am sure we ought to be very grateful to the Progressists, but why does not the writer of the paragraph include the New Pronunciation of the English Language in his list? I live opposite to a school where music is carefully and

constantly taught; the children have acquired the difficult art of dropping a semitone per minute. But the accent employed is even more interesting than the tone-system. Here is a favourite school-song:

Flahrs, luvly flahrs, in a garden yeh my see,
The rowse there with their reuby lip,
Penks the 'unny by loves teh sip,
Teulips, teulips, gy as a butterfly's wing,
Merrygolds rich as the crahn of a king,
Rich as the crahn of a king.
But none seh fair teh me,
None seh fair teh me,
As these wild wood flahrs,
Sweet wild flahrs.

It should be noted that the present orthography of the English language being clumsy and antiquated, the true pronunciation is very imperfectly given. We must wait, I suppose, for the production of a Progressist Alphabet before we can denote with any accuracy the very interesting vowel modifications which may be heard during the singing of "Flahrs."

We have already indicated in these columns our lack of belief in the Licensing Bill. Still, we cannot help admiring thoroughgoing enthusiasm, whatever the cause in which it is displayed, and it is a pleasure to note the fiery zeal that Mr. Winston Churchill brings to the support of the Bill.

All social reform (he says in his manifesto to the electors of North-West Manchester), all commercial efficiency, wait on its success. The health of English manhood, the happiness of English homes, the virtue and ascendancy of our race and age are involved in this tremendous effort.

The trumpet gives forth no uncertain sound, and this is as it should be. One respects Mr. Churchill, and one wishes him good luck in his electoral adventure. He is a zealot, even a fanatic, in the cause of teetotalism, but he must obviously suffer many discomforts and inconveniences for the sake of his belief.

For we are quite sure that with such a thoroughgoing advocate it is not a matter of words merely. There are said to be proprietors of Liberal papers who suffer no strong drink to appear on their dinner-tables, but are by no means averse from whiskey-and-soda in the smoking-room. Such men are, no doubt, good Liberals, but not such good Liberals as they might be. But Mr. Winston Churchill is of the stuff of which martyrs are made. The appearance of the champagne is, one feels, the signal for him to quit the tables of the greatest, and he must be quite debarred from membership of those gilded drinking-shops which are called clubs. This must be both unpleasant and inconvenient; but if all reform, commercial efficiency, health, happiness, virtue, and the unfading crown promised in the Scriptures to the Upper Dog are involved in the matter of Drink, we feel assured that Mr. Winston Churchill cannot hesitate. Yet, on consideration, why, holding these very strong views, should he support the Licensing Bill? There is not the faintest jot or tittle of evidence to show that it will lessen by one farthing the drink bill of a single drunkard in England; it may inflict some pecuniary loss on certain people connected with the brewing industry; it can do no good to any human being. Sadly, then, we must retract; we must confess with regret that Mr. Winston Churchill bears considerably more resemblance to a politician than to a martyr.

A recent number of the *Architectural Review* deprecates adverse criticism of the assessors' final selection of a design for the new New London County Hall as "unsportsman-like" on the part of the unsuccessful competitors. That may or not be so. But are they the only people who object? Is it not possible that others, not competitors, and therefore not open to suspicion of envy, may feel equally strong objections against Mr. Knott's design on its own merits, or demerits? It must have been chosen for its internal convenience; for, as regards its external elevation, with a monotonous façade corrugated by the stale device of rustication, and having an imposing flight of steps

leading down into the mud, it is scarcely calculated to redeem the ugliness of its surroundings.

We are glad to print in our correspondence Mr. Hankin's chivalrous championship of a stuffed lion—i.e., the play produced by the Stage Society on Sunday, April 5th. But we cannot admit that one of the functions of the Stage Society is the production of stupid plays by stupid beginners, though we share his hope that the author has learnt something. "Obvious sincerity and conviction" are not sufficient passports to the Temple of Drama, or they should not be so regarded; otherwise we should have to include a great many silly plays which Mr. Hankin himself would scarcely admit within the pale. We think that the case against Mr. Redford has been damaged by pushing forward an insignificant and tedious piece of evidence. A work that chronicles the sayings and doings and seductions of half-witted people, unaccompanied by any dramatic point of view, has less artistic significance than a cinematograph. There is a difference between the nakedness of the Rokeby Venus and that of a peep-show. We prefer *The Broken Melody* to *The Breaking Point*.

SPIKENARD

At first the alabaster's selfish round
Held all thy fragrance in its prison hard,
Its cold, ungenerous continent, that bound,
Close in itself, the wedded fumes of nard
And cassia and sweet stactē and ripe myrrh:
As in a mine the gold is rich in vain
Or in its cave the jewel cannot blaze.

She brake the box: lo! all the odours stir
And flood the house with sweetness, like a main
That breaks its dykes and drowns the lowland ways.

So my rich love, lock'd in my heart for thee,
Did yield no perfume to the world beside:
But, breaks my heart, and all that's sweet in me,
My incense to thee, scatters far and wide.

JOHN AYS COUGH.

CROCUSES

Here on the grassy banks in gala dress—
The tinted robes of fragrant-breathing spring,
In yellow, gold, and purple blossoming,
They woo the nipping air in loveliness!
The spiral grass enfolds them to caress
These new-born harbingers of love, that bring
A glow of joy beyond imagining!
A thrilling hope in winter's saddened stress!

The pallid sunrays cannot smite them yet,
Until the rustling rain-drops fall to blight
Their pensive beauty and bedim their light,
Amid the clamour of the winds that fret,
Amid the chills that wander to beset
The tenuous blooms in April's transient flight.

ISIDORE G. ASCHER.

REVIEWS

THE EVER UNFORTUNATE

The Royal House of Stuart; from its Origin to the Accession of the House of Hanover. By SAMUEL COWAN, J.P.
2 Vols. (Greening and Co., 42s. net.)

SUCH a subject as the history of the illustrious but ill-starred Stewart dynasty deserved something better than an industrious compilation like this of Mr. Cowan's. Except for the portraits, which are well-chosen and excellently reproduced, we find it difficult to say anything in commendation of this work. It is compiled rather than written, is by no means invariably accurate, and is quite uninspired. 'Tis true, 'tis pity; and pity 'tis 'tis true.

There is, perhaps, some excuse for the annalistic form of the narrative in the extreme scantiness of material available to a writer on the earlier Stewarts. Yet surely the career of the first James of Scotland should have afforded something approaching inspiration to any writer with a grain of imagination and a not unpractised pen. Mr. Cowan, who is known as a sturdy champion of Mary Queen of Scots, might have been thought to possess some of the former quality; his experience in writing should certainly have saved him from mere baldness and crudity of expression. We suppose that a certain allowance of Scotticisms—such as, "homologate," "conform" (adj.), should be allowed to a Scotsman; but we really must protest, in the name of the English language, against such vulgarisms as the constant omission of the preposition *to* after "write," "wrote," and the clumsy schoolboy locution, "landing at Kent," "at Lorraine." Our long-lost friend "genteel" also makes a more strange than welcome reappearance, and the odious and all too common "got married" is much in evidence. The *route* of an army is with this writer always "route," and if the Regent Moray was, indeed, Queen Mary's "uterine" brother, as Mr. Cowan says, we have always misconceived the meaning of the word.

We cannot profess any competence to discuss the obscure question of the origin of the Stewarts, and the material for the early history of the House is, as the author frequently complains, very fragmentary. The Stewarts became a Royal House through the marriage of Walter, sixth High Steward of Scotland, to the Lady Marjory Bruce. Mr. Cowan tells us that their son, King Robert II., was sometimes called "King Blear Eye," from an accident at his birth; but he makes no comment upon the inconsistency of this with the name "Queen Bleary's Cross," given to a stone pillar which formerly marked the traditional spot of the accident to his mother. He makes Walter, the Steward, die in 1327 in one place and in 1326 in another. Why Edward III.'s conduct in compelling the Scotch King David to pay the cost of his maintenance was "tyrannical," because he was married to Edward's sister, is not quite clear; and we learn on the next page that his captivity "was not evidently very oppressive."

Mr. Cowan is not infrequently obscure, and constantly repetitive. In a passage about James III. and his rebellious son (I., 269) it is almost impossible to discover which is meant by "the King;" and two pages later the statement that at the Battle of Sauchie "the first division of the rebels was led by Lord Hailes" is followed, without explanation, by a sentence including "Hailes" as among the Royalists who were slain. As for repetition, it is a constant habit. One example is the fatal combat of the clans on the North Inch, Perth. After a full relation (p. 146), in which, however, the name of only one clan is given, and there is no reference to Scott's "Fair Maid," we get (p. 162) a passage beginning, "It was during this reign that the clan fight took place at Perth," &c.

The assertion that "no proper attempt was made to effect an amicable settlement" before Flodden seems hardly consistent with the preceding narrative; and a sentence (p. 312) concerning advice given to James IV. on

the fatal field is grammatically faulty. An unsophisticated reader would be puzzled as to whether James V. ultimately married Marie de Bourbon or Magdalen de Valois, and might be equally at a loss as to the identity of the "Lord Methven" whom, he is informed, Queen Margaret desired to divorce. We learn, however, on a later page that Margaret (some of whose interesting letters to her brother Henry VIII. were printed *in extenso*):

had the great misfortune of having a violent, unscrupulous, and unfaithful husband in the Earl of Angus, and an intemperate, albeit drunken husband in Lord Methven.

The Battle of Shrewsbury is variously stated to have been fought in 1403 and 1407, and Richard III. is made to succeed his brother Edward IV. We have grave doubts as to the historical accuracy of certain other statements in the first volume, especially those inspired by the author's bias against Moray, the villain of the piece. It is certainly not "very probable" that the only person concerned in his death was Queen Elizabeth. Nor do we believe the assertion to be tenable that Norfolk "fell in love" with Mary Queen of Scots. Trajan's motto (p. 475) seems to have been misprinted; and French is usually erratically accented.

The present reviewer is far from sharing the popular view as to the inaccessibility of the Scot to a sense of humour. But Mr. Cowan is hardly a shining proof of its falsity. He writes concerning Janet Lady Glamis, that she was tried "for the inexcusable crime of poisoning her husband;" and why, if "he was rather an enemy than otherwise to the Douglas faction" (her own family), it can be said to "complicate the matter" is scarcely apparent. In Vol. II. we are informed that Naseby "was an unfortunate battle for the King," and that "the King was in trouble after this battle." We learn also that "Parliament and Army were not altogether in sympathy," and that Queen Mary II. of England "stationed constables at the corners of the streets who were to capture puddings and pies on the way to bakers' ovens," by way of getting the Sabbath observed. But perhaps the most signal instance of the author's simplicity (shall we call it?) is a note on Stair's wife, the connection of whom with a celebrated character of Sir Walter's is not, by-the-bye, hinted at:

Stair's wife was nicknamed the Witch of Endor. It was said she had cast spells on those whom she disliked, and that she had once been seen in the likeness of a cat, seated on the cloth of State by the side of the Lord High Commissioner. This is a pure fable.

A later passage concerning the popular legend as to the upright coffin at Kirkliston is only less naïf; and there are others—Cromwell's pact with the Devil before Worcester, for instance.

Mr. Cowan's historical competence may be gauged by his indiscriminating citations of historians such as Hume, and his entire neglect of modern authorities like Dr. Gardiner. He follows Macaulay almost blindly, and is naturally quite unfair to James I. and James II., though it is true he shows some appreciation of the Chevalier de St. George, and even in one place says a word for Claverhouse. But what shall we say of a historian who considers the Massacre of Glencoe "the most outstanding Scottish event" in William III.'s reign, and does not even mention the Darien affair, which so nearly wrecked the Union? That the English people did not love Elizabeth would be an assertion hard to defend; and that "Laud and his party were plotting the restoration of Popery" is as far as possible from the truth. That the Infanta was "much attached" to Prince Charles is a statement on a level with that connecting Buckingham's assassination with his general unpopularity. Why does Mr. Cowan call the Grand Remonstrance "the famous remembrance," and the Occasional Conformity Act "the Toleration Act for the Protection of Episcopacy"? Why does he term Monmouth "heroic" and write of Shaftesbury being "elected" President of the Council? He frequently contrasts Episcopacy with Protestantism, and appears to be under the impression that English clergymen always preach in black gowns (II., 462).

Among minor inaccuracies we have Henrietta Maria

landing in Burlington Bay (II., 97), a Secretary of State named Morrin (221), and, apparently (278), a confusion between James II. and his grandfather, for the former was certainly not deficient in personal courage, whatever other faults he may have had.

Mr. Cowan indulges in no less than three discussions upon the conduct of his countrymen in surrendering Charles I. to the English Army—all of them futile. We fancy that he exaggerates Queen Anne's share in the Union, on which he discourses sensibly, and he writes as though William of Orange had been the first who ever entertained an idea of such a thing. Some interesting documents and letters are interspersed in the narrative, though their relevance to the subject may often be questioned; but Mr. Cowan never seems to have formulated in his mind a clear conception or scheme of his work, so that these things seem to tumble in haphazard. The execution of Baillie of Jerviswoode was doubtless an iniquitous proceeding, and one which created much stir in Scotland, but to call it "the last event of moment in the life of Charles II." is surely a somewhat curious use of language. The reconciliation of the whilom Merry Monarch to Roman Catholicism might, one would say, take precedence of it. We can hardly include Mr. Samuel Cowan, J.P. in the ranks of historians.

A REAL TRANSLATION

The Tragedies of Sophocles. Translated by DEAN PLUMPTRE. (Routledge, 1s.)

DEAN PLUMPTRE's translation of Sophocles has many more competitors to-day than when he first gave it to the world. But it may still claim to hold its own as one of the most satisfying of them all. Sophocles is perhaps the most difficult of the three tragedians to render happily into English, for his work bears, more obviously than in the case either of Æschylus or of Euripides, the stamp of a high and beautiful personality. We think that a true lover of Sophocles would find it a hard task to be entirely just to Euripides, and we are certain that he will regard Æschylus as the forerunner of a greater man. "Æschylus does right, but does not know why he does it," but Sophocles strives to do right, because he knows what right is. Euripides very rarely rose to any such level, and while it is indeed hard to believe that the same man can have produced the wretched screed which goes by the name of the "Electra" of Euripides, and also such a play as the "Medea," or, in a lesser degree, the "Hippolytos," in reading Sophocles we are tortured by no such unevenness of value. It is not merely that the tone of Sophocles' plays is lofty throughout; it is their deep and wholesome conviction, their sublimity of faith, which lifts them above the moral level of all other Greek poetry—and, indeed, above all Greek philosophy. Plato cannot offer, for all his rainbow imagination, a higher hope than that which Sophocles can feel and convey in the farewell speech of Antigone, or in the deep humanity of the closing scene of the "Aias."

Resignation and power, intense religious feeling and human sympathy as intense, an exquisite sense of dramatic atmosphere, are the great glories of Sophocles, and above all, for him death is not the end. The life beyond, though it be seen but through a glass darkly, is not the murky world of gibbering shades that Odysseus saw and that Achilles dreaded. Nor is it an aimless "paradise" of emotionless happiness, but a consummation of hopes, a sweeping away of doubts and injustice, a reunion of friends, a completion rather than an end of life; in short, the future promised of the Mysteries, the gift of the incarnate Divinity:

ὡς τῆς εὐθιᾶς
καὶ τοῦ βροτῶν, οἱ ταῦτα δεχόμενοι τέλει
μύησιν ἐς Ἄιδου· τοῖσδε γὰρ μύησις ἐκεί
ἐστὶν ἑστὶ, τοῖς δ' ἄλλοις πάντ' ἐκεί κακὰ.

Dean Plumptre was singularly happy in his rendering of those passages which bring out this dignity and hope in death. True, it would be hard to miss the spirit of a play like the "Antigone." Antigone glories in her deed; scarcely

more than a shadow of regret falls across her mind for the life she is leaving; there is a future for her beyond the gates of the living tomb. And it is she and not Kreon, who triumphs; the sentiment she inspires is not so much pity as a joyful admiration and understanding. And even in the splendid lyric passage, the most famous of all dramatic lyrics—*ἔπος δολικὸν μέγας*—the prevailing note, below the poignant human tragedy, is but a prelude to the still more magnificent outburst at the very gates of the grave. The contrast is sharp, but not inharmonious, and Dean Plumptre's translation well performs the task of reproduction:

Yes! O ye men of this my fatherland,
Ye see me on my way,
Life's last long journey, gazing on the sun,
His last rays watching, now and nevermore;
Alone he leads me, who has room for all,
Hades, the lord of death,
To Acheron's dark shore,
With neither part nor lot in marriage rites,
No marriage hymn resounding in my ears,
But Acheron shall claim me as his bride.

O tomb, my bridal chamber, vaulted home,
Guarded right well for ever, where I go
To join mine own, of whom, of all that die
As most in number Persephassa owns;
And I, of all the last and lowest, wend
My way below, life's little span unfilled;
And yet I go, and feed myself with hopes
That I shall meet them.

In his translation of the "Aias," the height of tragic despair is reached in the rendering of the chorus—*ὡ σκότος ἐμὸν φάος*:

O dark that art my light,
O gloom to me most bright,
Take me, take me as your habitant,
Take me, for neither to the race of gods,
Nor yet of men enduring but a day
Can I, as worthy, look
For any help in need,
But she, the child of Zeus,
Goddess of mightiest power,
Mocks at me unto death,
Where from her presence 'scape,
Where wandering shall I dwell?
Ah! O my friends, if my life,
Like the life of these brutes, is brought low
And our chase is the hunting of fools,
Would that the host wielding its two-handed spear
Might smite me down at a stroke.

O ye paths of the wave!
O ye caves of the sea!
O thou grove on the shore!
Long time, long time have ye kept me,
Where Troia stretches her coasts;
But never, yea, never again,
Shall ye receive me alive;
This let the wise understand.
O ye waters that flow
Hard by, as the stream runneth on,
Scamandros, by Argives beloved,
Never again shall ye see
This man who speaks to you now,
Like whom . . . (though the vaunt be great
Yet will I speak it out)
In all the army that from Hellas came,
Troia found no one else;
And now I lie in this dishonoured plight.

The excuse for so long a quotation must be that by no other means is it possible to convey any adequate idea of the power and fidelity of rendering with which Dean Plumptre endowed the lyric passages of his translation. Indeed, it is doubtful whether any other translator has ever conveyed with such force the peculiar charm of Greek dramatic lyrics. A prose translation cannot pretend to do so: a rhyming translation introduces an element so utterly foreign to Greek tragedy as to destroy at the outset all sense of reality. A still greater skill might have preserved strophic-antistrophic syllabic correspondence, but apart from the lack of that correspondence, it is hard to see that the rendering fails in any way to present the values of the original. The translator succeeds in making the work of Sophocles known to many who have no Greek: but more

than this, he interprets for them the very spirit of the work: and it is to be hoped that this reprint may carry further still the knowledge of that spirit, at once the strongest, the tenderest, and the purest expression of religious conviction in the unspoiled days of Greece.

THE GREAT ARCHBISHOP

Life of William Laud. By the Rev. W. L. MACKINTOSH, M.A. (Masters and Co., Ltd., 3s. 6d.)

FEW characters in history have been the subject of so much wilful misunderstanding as Archbishop Laud. Macaulay, writing in the true spirit of Whig intolerance, declared that he entertained for the great Royalist Prelate "a more unmitigated contempt than for any other character in our history." On another occasion he dismisses him as a "ridiculous bigot," and this verdict has been subsequently adopted by scores of writers whose acquaintance with the subject has in all probability been limited to a cursory reading of Macaulay's famous essay. It has been reserved for a small group of less partial and better qualified historians in our own time to rescue from obloquy the memory of a saintly man and a wise administrator.

Mr. Mackintosh's biography leaves little to be desired. Writing from the avowed standpoint of an Anglo-Catholic, he nevertheless contrives to render full justice to his opponents. If we have one complaint to make, it is that Mr. Mackintosh has thought it necessary at times to adopt a more or less apologetic attitude on questions where we should have imagined no apology was needed.

It is impossible to write of Laud without taking some account of the religious condition of England at the time in which he lived. Laud was pre-eminently a religious reformer. On his accession to the Metropolitan See he found the Church of England in a divided state, and he set himself, with characteristic zeal and determination, to evolve order out of chaos, to "build up the walls of Jerusalem." He was by instinct a traditionalist, and in the Anglican Communion he found something that responded to the deepest needs of his nature. He loved her stately ritual, her well-ordered services. It was the Church round which had centred all that was best and most truly lovable in the English character. For Puritanism, with its separatist tendencies, he had neither pity nor toleration. The *Ecclesia Anglicana* was to him the historic Catholic Church of this country. Episcopacy was not merely a useful form of Church government, admirably adapted to the ecclesiastical requirements of the times, as many of the seventeenth-century divines appear to have taught; it was of the *esse* of a true Church. The Puritan conventicle had become a centre of unrestrained lawlessness. False doctrine, heresy, and schism were rampant. The stone altars had been removed from the churches, to be defiled by the village dogs. The Holy Table was frequently placed in the middle of the church, and the members of the congregation placed their hats upon it. Laud ruled that it should be transferred to the east end of the church, and reverently railed round. "The altar," he said boldly to his judges at his trial, "is the greatest place of God's residence upon earth—greater than the pulpit; for there it is, *Hoc est Corpus Meum*, this is My Body; but in the other it is at most but *Hoc est Verbum Meum*, this is My word; and a greater reverence is due to the Body than to the Word of the Lord." The Archbishop's action was the signal for a storm of malignant misrepresentation and abuse. Public opinion, carefully directed by a gang of unscrupulous fanatics, was to prove too strong for the reformer, and it became apparent that Laud's murder was only a question of time and opportunity.

Of the so-called trial it is difficult to write calmly and dispassionately. Deprived of counsel, and with mountains of manufactured evidence produced against him, the aged Prelate was yet able to establish his innocence, and the

baffled and infuriated Commons had to resort to the unworthy device of a Bill of Attainder. His only crime had been that he had proved too faithful a son of the Church for whose sake he was prepared to lay down his life.

What clamours and slanders I have endured for labouring to keep a uniformity in the external service of God, according to the doctrine and discipline of this Church, all men know and I have abundantly felt.

These are among his last words, and in them may be found the key to the whole of his ecclesiastical policy.

The extent to which the English Church has benefited by the example and martyrdom of Laud it is impossible to surmise. He has been accused of superstition, and certain isolated and detached passages from his diary have been adduced in support of the charge. We need not labour the point. But his munificent bequests to the University of Oxford, his patronage of learning and the arts, his friendship with Chillingworth and Hales, afford abundant proof that he was free from the least suspicion of intellectual intolerance. His collection of Oriental manuscripts was unequalled at that time in any part of the world. In the words of one of the ablest and most sympathetic of his recent biographers :

He had . . . many of the characteristics of the great Prelates of the Renaissance, with just that change which its ideas underwent on English soil. He was a great builder and a patron of art, a scholar, and a politician, a priest with a love of comely order and the seemly dignities of public worship. He delighted to read and to control the literature of the day; he would accept dedications and encourage struggling writers. There was a certain formality about it all, viewed from without, a sort of sober stateliness of pose such as the Italian painters give to their church ceremonials and the backgrounds of their cardinals. But with Laud there was a more than English impatience at any ceremonial that was meaningless, and there was behind all the deep piety that let no touch of paganism from scholarship or art enter into the scheme of his life.

We are grateful to Mr. Mackintosh for his frank and fearless presentation of the great Archbishop who, in the expressive words of Canon Mozley, "saved the English Church."

PORTABLE PROPERTY

Precious Stones. By W. GOODCHILD, M.B., Ch.B. With a Chapter on Artificial Stones by ROBERT DYKES. (Constable and Co., 6s.)

THIS is a simple and business-like book about precious stones. It is not a strictly exact manual upon a mineralogical subject, and for the most part the author's excursions into chemistry and optics can be followed by readers with no technical training; but, on the other hand, it is not the compost of quotations from Pliny, Anselmus Boëtius de Boot, and Dumas *per se* which, with the addition of a few reflections on the Urim and Thummim and the detailing of a few superstitions about the therapeutic properties of certain crystals, makes up more than one work on this subject. There is no reference in the index to a Duke of Brunswick or a Duke of Burgundy, to Cagliostro or Cleopatra, to the Great Cham or the works of Habdarrahmanus, but Dr. Goodchild contrives to be thoroughly interesting without the assistance of stories of intrigue and crime or of romantic legends. The ground which he covers has been extensively gone over in the well-known treatises of Mr. Edwin Streeter and Mr. Harry Emmanuel, but this latest work on precious stones is on a higher scientific plane, and deals with the mineral flowers—a popular phrase which is opposed to every line in Dr. Goodchild's book—more closely as a branch of mineralogy and less distinctly as a matter of æsthetic luxury. The author's point of view has probably been that the study of precious stones—what they are, where they come from, and why they are precious—is one of public concern. For generations upon generations, as far back as any historical records are forthcoming, men and women have been buying and selling and stealing and forging the seven or eight combinations of silicon, aluminium, carbon, and water which make up our diadems and carcanets, and the same game goes on as merrily as

ever nowadays. But we have to-day many more people who wear gems, for some sort of jewellery is within the powers of acquisition of even the ten-pound householder; and we have also many more gems, for new sources of their production are being discovered regularly, and new substances—the spodumene compounds, for example—are found to possess the requisite decorative virtues; while the waste of cut stones is necessarily slow, because one of the essential qualities of the stone that is worth cutting is its durability. Hence with more people wanting gems, more people able to purchase them, and more of them to be purchased, the knowledge of their value and of the reasons upon which that value depends becomes more necessary to the world at large. Precious stones are no longer used as funds by kings, but, in the words of Mr. Wemmick, they remain a very convenient form of portable property, and many another man besides Mr. Jagger's confidential clerk has said to himself "My guiding star always is—Get Hold of Portable Property."

Dr. Goodchild's opening chapters, dealing with the modes of origin of precious stones and their physical properties, introduce the subject in an orderly manner. He follows a classification put forward by the late J. G. Goodchild, his father, in connection with certain Scottish minerals, and divides the sources of gems into two great classes—the epigene minerals and the hypogene minerals. The epigene minerals—those formed by downward filtration under low temperature—include all deposits on the land, in fresh water, in closed bodies of water, or at the bottom of the sea; all those minerals produced by alteration of pre-existing minerals *in situ*—a good example of such being the substance known as serpentine, the beautiful rocky material of which vases and plaques are made with excellent effect; and all those minerals where the constituents have been dissolved within the lithosphere and subsequently redeposited at lower levels—to which class belong the true agates, the opal, and the turquoise. Among the hypogene minerals, which are mostly of hydrothermal origin, and are usually connected with some manifestation of elevatory or volcanic movement, are ranged the coveted crystals more properly known as precious stones—namely, the diamond, the corundum crystals (namely, the ruby, the sapphire, the Oriental amethyst, and the Oriental topaz), spinel and chrysoberyl, the emerald, the aquamarine, and the garnet—to mention only the stones with which we are all familiar. Having explained this method of classification, Dr. Goodchild proceeds to give a brief but sufficient account of the physical qualities of these crystals, and here his explanation of the phenomena to be observed when light acts on a gem is quite comprehensible, and therefore quite useful. Those physical properties of a gem which are dependent upon light are the ones which have always given it value more than any other; the Indian native placed the diamond on the forehead or chest of his idol because it glittered and flashed with the colours of the rainbow; and the paramount reason why diamonds are interesting to us at the present day is the same—we prize them because of the character of their response to light; their scarcity and their durability are additional, but only secondary, causes of our good opinion of crystalline carbon. What actually happens to a ray of light when it falls at a certain angle upon the plane surface of a diamond is not in the least difficult for any one who knows a little physics to understand, but we are not all as yet taught elementary physics in our schooldays, so that many of us will be grateful to Dr. Goodchild for his lucid little exposition of the optics of diamonds, inasmuch as we see that all our best precious stones are cut in deference to optical rules upon the general plan adopted for the cutting of diamonds into brilliants. There is no need to plunge here into a disquisition on refraction, dispersion, and polarisation, particularly as such physical phenomena could not be described and explained in a better or briefer manner than that employed by the author; but we recommend the reader to master Dr. Goodchild on these matters before proceeding to the detailed description of the various gems, as he will then understand why the square, flat

emerald may be thin, and yet be a most effective and therefore valuable stone, why it may be an economical process to cut down a crystal of twenty-five carats into a brilliant of ten carats, and why the prices asked in the Rue de la Paix for *cabochon* stones are very usually extortionate. It may be said that no man requires to be his own jeweller any more than he requires to be his own doctor or lawyer, and that the man who obtains a smattering of technical learning on such a subject as precious stones merely exposes himself to the temptation to pit his very rudimentary knowledge against the practical and intimate equipment of the dealers. The same can be urged against the pursuit by the amateur of anything whatsoever. Of course there will always be persons who esteem the little lore which is their own higher than any possessed by others; they cannot be helped, and it is of no consequence whether they are cheated or not. It is not suggested that on the information contained in this book any man would be well advised to buy *parures* at Christie's, nor would he find that arguments derived from reading it would have much effect in Bond Street if he wanted to depreciate an intended purchase; but a general comprehension of the principles which guide the buyer and seller in valuing precious stones can be learned from Dr. Goodchild's book (with perhaps a little supplementary reading), and the chances of such information being useful are increasing with the increasing dissemination of gems—good, bad, and indifferent, and chiefly indifferent—among the public. Executors, for example, ought not to be blindly dependent upon the statements of official valuers with regard to jewellery, for away from great centres these experts give some very astonishing opinions. The division, again, in family conclave of a casket of jewels often leads to grave but quite undesigned injustice; quartz is allotted as cat's-eye, and sapphire as diamond, or, to put the error in the other way, a ruby necklace passes to a fortunate lady under the designation of "grandmother's topazes;" in this mode what is designed to be an amicable arrangement can come to be the source of a feud. There are veritable uses in an acquaintance with the characteristics of precious stones, and the advantages to be obtained from reading Dr. Goodchild's book, technical manual rather than literary performance though it be, are additional to the merit of achieving learning for learning's sake.

There are different ways in which a book entitled "Precious Stones" may commend itself to the notice of readers. It may be a treatise on a branch of mineralogy; it may approach the subject from the point of view of the jeweller and salesman; it may deal with the numberless historical episodes and sociological phenomena which centre round jewels and to which such constant reference is found in literature, alike in our greatest poems and in our feeblest novels; and it may take the shape of a blend of all of these. Many books in many languages belong to this last class and exhibit a medley of curious statements concerning the mystical meaning of certain jewels, their supernatural origin and supernatural powers as talismans, and their healing influences. Sometimes all this wears a literary and erudite air, but, as a matter of fact, it is not a hard task to collect quotations of every conceivable kind having precious stones as their theme, and the inclination of a writer who is making up a book towards the use of such handy padding can be comprehended. The occurrence of allusions to gems in all ethnological records and in all the traditions of folk-lore have made it certain that every literature of every people will contain material for collation. Princes and rulers in the earliest days of history put their money into jewels, and kept the working of mines in their own hands as the simplest way of amassing capital and heaping up revenue. Naturally they encouraged such notions as that some jewels could only be obtained by the perilous slaughter of a reptile in whose head or liver the gem was secreted, or that some mines were guarded by dragons whose tutelary activity meant death for the intruder. It was natural, again, that the barbaric possessor of jewels should like to spread the idea that attempts to assassinate him would be fruitless, because of

the talismanic power of his ring or his brooch; and that robbery of his property would also be poor business for the thief, owing to the convenient way in which the stones would change colour or crack in a criminal clutch. Stories of this kind abound, but they have found no place in Dr. Goodchild's scheme. Nor does he levy any tax upon poets, and this is hardly to be regretted, for, truth to say, the use of jewels in poetic similes is too often stale and unhappy. The lips of girls are not like rubies, the sea is not like a sapphire, the mead is not like an emerald. The thing above all things in a gem is not its colour; the thing which distinguishes the topaz from marmalade, the garnet from a holly-berry, and the moonstone from a tear-drop, is the hard, unchanging nature of the stones. It is not for its colour alone that a gem is valued, but because that colour is fast; and similes that lay no stress on the permanent character of a gem are faulty, conventional, and only made tolerable by the persistent usage of the best craftsmen. When St. John pictured the foundations and walls of the Heavenly Jerusalem "garnished with all manner of precious stones," he wrote a passage of unerring splendour; he was imaging for us the eternal home of the Eternal God, of which permanency and brilliancy should be the striking features. But when the seventeenth-century song-writer dwells upon caresses bestowed by lips of coral framing teeth of pearl we feel that he is describing a £570 American denture, and not anything that a sane man would desire to be kissed by.

MR. SWINBURNE'S TRAGEDY

THE apportioning of praise or dispraise for poets is a large office and full of pitfalls, though, as everybody knows, it is usually undertaken with a light and easy heart. When poetry is reviewed or "noticed" the issues at stake would appear to be of the simplest, inasmuch as, broadly, they are supposed to involve little more than the emolument of the reviewer and the complacency or chagrin of the reviewed. In point of fact, however, it is not only vital to the poet, good or bad, that he should be competently appraised, but it is vital also to considerable numbers of other persons who, considering them in the bulk, may not believe that they know anything about poetry at all. It has been observed of the people of England that, despite their alleged indifference to the arts, they will buy and read good poetry in quantity. The great and abiding instance in point, of course, is Shakespeare, after whom come Milton, Cowper, Wordsworth, Keats, Shelley, Browning, and Tennyson. All of these have become familiar on the lips as household words. The reading and enjoyment of them is not confined to any special class of persons, literary or otherwise. They are for all men, from their youth up, and we question whether there is a man, woman, or speaking child in England to-day who has not in some sort been touched by them, and is not in some sort acquainted with their work, even if it be to the extent only of a loose end of rhyme, or a phrase or line, or as who should say "quotation" which has passed into the currency of everyday speech. And in accounting for this phenomenon, it seems to us, the philosophers are too apt to overlook, or at any rate to under-estimate, that force which we call criticism. Certain it is that no man makes fame with his own trumpet. He may write like an angel and perish, unless he have those around him who will keep on saying the approving word which is the open sesame to the public understanding. And we must remember also that so powerful is this approving word, that it has been known to waft fools into popularity, which, of course, is most sad. We have indulged in the foregoing slight homily after several readings of Mr. Swinburne's new tragic playlet, *The Duke of Gandia*, which comes to us from Messrs. Chatto and Windus in very neat form and on very good paper. If it were possible for us to dismiss from our minds the received facts about Mr. Swinburne *The Duke of*

Gandia would move us so to do. But it is neither possible nor desirable that we should forget what manner of poet Mr. Swinburne is and what manner of riches he has brought to the poetic treasury of his country. With this remembrance before us our duty by *The Duke of Gandia* becomes the more difficult. We shall venture the opinion, however, that the criticism of the period will have all its work cut out to secure for *The Duke of Gandia* any sort of recognition as an important work of itself. Practically we may best describe it as one of the pieces of a master which does not happen to be a masterpiece:

CÆSAR.

Now, mother though thou love my brother more
Am I not more thy son than he?

VANNOZZA.

Not more.

CÆSAR.

Have I more Spaniard in me—less of thee?
Did our Most Holiest father thrill thy womb
With more Italian passion than brought forth
Me?

VANNOZZA.

Child, thine elder never was as thou—
Spake never thus.

CÆSAR.

I doubt it not. But I,
Mother, am not mine elder. He desires
And he enjoys the life God gives him—God,
The Pope our father, and thy sacred self,
Mother beloved and hallowed. I desire
More.

VANNOZZA.

Thou wast ever sleepless as the wind—
A child anhungered for thy time to be
Man. See thy purple about thee. Art thou not
Cardinal?

CÆSAR.

Ay; my father's eminence
Set so the stamp on mine. I will not die
Cardinal.

Reading these lines—and they are the first of the play—one has difficulty in supposing that one is reading the real Mr. Swinburne. In any case, one argues, we have here quite barebone Swinburne, and a surprising jerkiness of manner which should be deplored and rebuked even in lesser poets. This jerk to which we refer occurs continually right through the poem, with the result that one is compelled to exercise no little patience in reading, and really never reads with pleasure. The trouble is caused, of course, by the juvenile trick of placing the *cæsura* of certain lines after the first or second syllable:

God alone

Knows.

Cardinal? Canst thou dream I had rather be
Duke?

Hold loveliest of all living things to love
This.

Thrust not out thy thorns at heaven,
Rose.

Deride not God,

Lucrezia.

Thou my Cardinal,
Canst think not to be scourged and crucified.
Ha?

Dost thou sleep
Here in His special keeping—here—to-night,
Brother?

I never called thee yet

Fool.

And so on and so forth. It is really too childish. Milton may have done it on occasion, but Milton certainly did not do it thirty-seven times in a matter of a few hundred lines. We shall, no doubt, see all sorts of defences put up, simply on the ground that Mr. Swinburne is Mr. Swinburne, and has his own knowledge of what blank verse should be. On the other hand, it is sure that blank verse should not annoy and irritate; and this is exactly what the blank verse of *The Duke of Gandia* does. Now, if a man chooses to paint a miniature and takes the precaution to bespatter it with gratuitous lamp black, he can scarcely expect one to consider the merits of the proper paint. But because we are dealing with Mr.

Swinburne we will look a little deeper than the mechanic surface. When we do this, however, it is to suffer similar disappointments. The work moves one only to feelings of disgust for every character which appears in it. There is nobody to pity, nobody to love, nobody to admire, and not even anybody from whom a civilised being may take a fearful warning. Whether a poet is within his right to concoct a tragic episode which exhibits these grave defects it is not for us to assert. The man who figures on the Tea-tax posters would probably say, "It don't seem right to me;" though we shall hazard no such pronouncement. And as *The Duke of Gandia* is riddled with a mechanical fault, and can serve no imaginable moral or spiritual purpose, we might have hoped that it would contain at least a passage or a line for the memory. There is no such passage and no such line. Therefore, to return to our homily, we shall trust that the criticism of the time will refrain from the further pointing out of beauties in *The Duke of Gandia* which do not exist. The natural desire to be courteous to a poet of Mr. Swinburne's achievement and eminence goes without saying. But that desire should not be allowed to override the critical judgment, and it certainly should not be cultivated to the excess of praising Mr. Swinburne for his sheer faults.

"MODERNISM"

THERE are many paths, many ways; and it is usually an ungracious and a foolish person who does nothing but proclaim in strident accents the fatality and futility of every track save that which he himself is following. But, when every allowance of charity and reason has been made, it remains that one road is always to be disallowed, and that is the way on which those stand who proclaim that the goal does not exist—that there is not, indeed, in any real and efficient sense, any way at all. There have always been people of this sect; it is conceivable that in the wilderness there were scientific and rational Jews, broad, liberal-minded men, who perceived that the journey of the tribes was a vivid Oriental allegory; that, while the desert was real and true enough, the talk about the land flowing with milk and honey was a mere flourish, a pious fraud, justified, perhaps, by the literalism and simplicity of the days of bondage, but without any true fulfilment in the nature of things. "Here," these enlightened ones might have said, "is the only Promised Land which we or any one else will ever see. In the natural order we shall never get out of the wilderness, for the very good reason that there is nothing but wilderness in the universe; the Land of Canaan is a poetic dream. Still, if we journey faithfully, if we are constant in the performance of humanitarian and philanthropic work, if we help our fallen brother, if we carry the burden of the weary, if we cherish kindly sentiments about everybody—then the desert shall blossom like the rose, and we shall achieve not the mythical splendours and delights of an imaginary Promised Land, but the very real reward that always attends unselfishness." And, in the same way, there may be many allowable and indeed admirable divergencies in the region of the arts; a man may love Homer with such a fervent and consuming devotion that he has no corner left in his heart or soul or mind for the cultus of Sophocles; or, again, one may be so rapt into the mystery world of Malory that "Pickwick" may seem vile, unclean, profane, a vulgar tale of mean streets and mean people, in which the Holy Vessel has become a brandy-bottle. Very allowable are both these loves and these hatreds—one would never be angry with a man who said that he loved the "Arabian Nights" too well to tolerate the naturalism of "Tom Jones"—but here, again, there is a path that is condemned, which is marked with a "No Thoroughfare," which bristles with man-traps and spring-guns; and this is the path which denies the very existence of art of any kind; which looks on all literature, painting, music, architecture, as an odd remnant from the pre-scientific days, from the time when primitive man, beset by all kinds of illusory terrors, illusory loves,

groundless desires and apprehensions, devoted himself to performing a vast conjuring trick, of the which trick we call some portions Religion and others Art. So, according to this school, Aphrodite is hocus-pocus, the Parthenon is hocus-pocus, Chartres Cathedral is hocus-pocus; Homer, the New Testament, and the Queste of the Sangraal are all hocus-pocus. This is called the scientific standpoint, and it owes its name, no doubt, to its utter lack of all *scientia*, properly so called. One is sorry to have to say that "What we Want," an open letter to Pius X. from a group of priests, translated by the Rev. A. Leslie Lilley (Murray), belongs very distinctly to the "scientific" school, to the way which is No Thoroughfare, which means waste of time, waste of temper, weary feet, heated brains, and a wood of thorns at the end of the journey. To take an example. These Italian priests—who, I suppose, would call themselves Modernists—speak as follows:

When we have . . . to explain the relations between God the Father, Jesus, and humanity, while we recognise all the beauty of the doctrine built up by Scholasticism, and agree in its religious content, we yet cannot have recourse to the ontological terms, "person," "essence," "nature," "hypostases," "processions." As the modern habit of mind does not attach to these any meaning which corresponds with reality, it is returning to exactly the same moral and intellectual conditions as those of the first Christians, or of the humble and simple-minded Christians of our country districts who know nothing of these rational categories. . . . So, again, to explain the Eucharistic Mystery, we cannot, for similar reasons, adopt the theory of Transubstantiation unless no one is to understand.

Now, at first sight, and on reading the first words of the passage that I have quoted, it might be imagined that these Modernists were the most faithful Catholics in the world, devout believers in the Christian faith as it is expounded in Holy Writ, by the Fathers, and in the scholastic philosophy. Their sole anxiety would seem to be as to the terms they are to use in teaching the faith; their only protest is against the compulsory employment of the technical language of a highly systematised theology in their discourses to simple and unlettered folk. One can confess with all one's heart that if this be the basis of Modernism, then Modernism is the most reasonable thing in the world, and one would be sorry to understand that the Roman Catholic clergy were forbidden to use any modern equivalent word or words for such terms as "hypostasis" and "circumincision." But is this all the content of Modernism? What about the passage on the Eucharist? Here it is no longer a case of preferring a clear word before an obscure; the priests simply say: "We cannot adopt the theory of Transubstantiation," and in place of this "theory" they give an explanation of the great Mystery of Faith which, one imagines, would have pleased Zwingli, which would scarcely have satisfied Calvin, which Luther would most certainly have anathematised. This is surely not agreeing with the religious content of Scholasticism; it is not agreeing with the religious content of Christianity, unless the faith was hidden from the faithful till the arrival of the Swiss "Reformer;" and when on another page we find these Modernist priests expressing their sympathy for Mr. Tyrrell, we are forced to conclude that their assent to the propositions of Scholastic Christianity is a mere passing politeness, not meant to be understood literally. For, to take the question of the Eucharist, Mr. Tyrrell's doctrine is as follows:

Dogma apart, and taken at its lowest, the Eucharist remains for you the sacrament of communion and incorporation with that mystical "Christ crucified" [*i.e.*, the Christ regarded as the "central and super-eminent figure round whose Cross are gathered the Christs of all ages, races, religions, and degrees"], an act by which you offer yourself to be received into that Divine company or spiritual organism, to be made a sharer of its faith, its hope, and its love, to give your own body and blood "for many for the remission of sins."

Now this doctrine may be amiable and charming and liberal and broad-minded; but it is not Christianity in any common sense of the word; and so, it seems to me, we are enlightened as to what these Italian priests really do want. They want that which "Dr." Clifford, Canon Hensley Henson, and "Dr." Campbell want—that is, a Christianity which is robbed of all its essential character; a system which is no longer a magical and mystical religion, but a scheme of universal philanthropy seen

against a background of vague Deism. I do not think I am unfair; there is, of course, a certain sense in which a eunuch is a man. I need not say that I recognise that the Italian priests would require a very different "set" from that in favour with our English heretics. "Dr." Clifford would deny the faith in the midst of a "Liberal" demonstration (regarded as the supreme act of worship); Canon Hensley Henson would make the Resurrection of Christ contingent on a vote of the House of Commons; "Dr." Campbell would declare the Holy Eucharist to be an intelligent anticipation of a vegetarian and non-alcoholic Communist breakfast *chez* Mr. Eustace Miles; the Italians, doubtless, would still sing Mass in honour of nothing in particular and of noble sentiments in general; but the result in each case is the same. I am not at all surprised to find that Modernism has been defined as "the heresy which contains all the heresies and errors of the past;" indeed, one could find no better definition than this; no better phrase to summarise that impulse in men which continually surges up, declaring in very various idioms that there is no world of vision and wonder, that there is but earth and humanity, and that we have got to make the best of both. This is, indeed, the heresy of all heresies, masquerading sometimes under the most curious disguises, putting on now and again the vestments of the "occult" sciences, but always constant to the one idea, that man is the master and measure of all things. "Ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil;" as in the Garden, so in the modern world, in the world of Modernism. I speak with apology; for I, an Anglican, have no right to intervene in the internal matters of the Holy Roman Catholic and Apostolic Church; still, there are points which truly concern "common" Christianity, in which the old-fashioned Wesleyans, if such there be any longer, are deeply interested; and, whether the Roman Church be pleased or displeased, it seems to me fitting that one voice at least should be raised against this Atheism in a chasuble, against this shabby and squalid attempt to show that the Faith of the Saints is a synonym for the doctrine of the "man in the street." Ah! we desire to live in charity, to believe the best of all men; but how can we reconcile these things? Our Modernists profess the warmest attachment to the Gospel; they say that they, and they alone, are the successors of the first Christians; and yet they stumble against this or that dogma because it cannot be understood. Have they read the texts:

The Jews then murmured at Him, because He said, I am the bread which came down from heaven. And they said, Is not this Jesus, the son of Joseph, whose father and mother we know? how is it then that He saith, I came down from heaven?

The Jews therefore strove amongst themselves, saying, How can this Man give us His flesh to eat?

Many, therefore, of His disciples when they heard this, said, This is a hard saying; who can bear it?

From that time many of His disciples went back, and walked no more with Him.

And so, say the Modernist priests, we cannot adopt the theory of Transubstantiation "unless no one is to understand." And so, I am sorry to confess, say hundreds, perhaps thousands, of Anglican priests, who confess the truth in their hearts, who deny it in their acts, who prophesy smooth things in Zion, who talk of the Catholic Faith as if it were a musical comedy—something which must be presented in popular style if it is to catch on. There is the cleric who shudders from the herse at *Tenebrae*: his Bishop tells him it is not a lawful ornament of the Book of Common Prayer; and the same cleric has "lantern services," with sacred songs by Ira D. Sankey: a magic lantern and a white sheet, and the doggerel of an American heretic being, doubtless, lawful according to the Book of Common Prayer. Let us not be bold to exult over our Roman brothers; with us, as with them, there is a school which declares that everything is lawful which outrages the Catholic Faith. The school is a strong one, it seems, in both Churches, but, at least, it should appear under its own colours. Let it appeal, if it will, to

the judgment of the profane vulgar; but, in face of those words of St. John the Divine, let these philanthropists no longer pretend to be Christians of any shape or fashion. Their part is with the disciples who went back and walked no longer with Him, not with the faithful who believed in order that they might understand.

Nay; let it be understood once for all, the Catholic Faith is not a Christy Minstrel or music-hall performance which has to commend itself to the suffrages of the majority. It may be quite true that they who live to please must please to live, but a Catholic priest is not by any means to be reckoned in this company. The Catholic religion is, or should be, the everlasting witness of heaven above on earth below; the continual reminder of the futility, and vanity, and absurdity of most of our mortal aims. It is the stalest of old tales this; it is the oldest of old texts, and yet it must be re-enunciated again and again, for it is very evident that it is not yet of common knowledge. There are, I suppose, many definitions of Christianity, but I believe that the definition which really prevails, which is of authority in the very best circles of the Anglican Church, is this—How to belong to the Athenæum Club, decently, respectably, splendidly. No doubt there are many divisions and sub-divisions in a treatise which has not yet been issued. For example, there must be a heading—Worldly Prosperity. On the one hand, it is shown that betting, unless on the largest scale, with persons of acknowledged social position, is highly disreputable, irreligious, and a national scourge; while operations on the Stock Exchange, prudently conducted, on the best information, with fortunate results, are the backbone of English commercial life, and a credit to our common Christianity. Though at the same time failure in this path may be very disgraceful. Example: The Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's Cathedral accepted Eucharistic plate from Mr. Hooley when he was successful, and returned it when he became the object of popular denunciation. And so forth, and so forth; and I am reminded of an advertisement that I once saw in Shepherd's Bush: "Funerals conducted with Decency, Solemnity, and Respectability." And, again, there is another curious instance: A pious woman has opened in Western London a chapel of rest and meditation, which she has caused to be adorned with paintings, illustrating the passage from things temporal to things eternal. To this place enter the Bishop of London, who immediately observes that it would be a capital spot for meetings. For meetings! Cannot one see it all? Here, in this quiet place of rest, where men may stay and think for a moment how vain is all their work, how vain is vanity, and all in vain; how behind the ugly fog of business, and Imperialism, and Liberalism, and Conservatism, and Churchwardenism, there are still the everlasting splendours; that even in modern "civilised" London the Quest of the Sangraal is not impossible; that behind the songs of the "Merry Duchess of Guttenberg" resounds the inexpressive chant of the angels. Here, says the Pastor of the People of London, is the place for public meetings. Here, beneath the glowing walls, let us discuss the Mission to Borrioboola Gha; let us consider how we shall insist on trousers and chemises, and the decisions of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council as part of the faith once delivered to the saints, while we decide that we must not press the petitions:

By the mystery of Thy holy Incarnation; by Thy holy Nativity and Circumcision; by Thy Baptism, Fasting, and Temptation; by Thine Agony and Bloody Sweat; by Thy Cross and Passion; by Thy precious Death and Burial; by Thy glorious Resurrection and Ascension; and by the coming of the Holy Ghost.

Lest, of course, the simple natives do not understand. Here, beneath the symbols of the eternal, let "Mr. Chairman" take his stand; let the Bishop of Blank Negation rise to "a point of order;" let the blessed words "Hear, hear," "No, no," resound; let there be re-enacted under decent, Church-like disguises, the meeting of the United Metropolitan Improved Hot Muffin and Crumpet Baking and Punctual Delivery Company, with a capital of five millions, in five hundred thousand shares of ten pounds

each. Here let the mystery of iniquity of brewing beer be denounced, here be demonstrated the saving truth that the wine of Cana was non-alcoholic, here be advanced the claims of the great-grand-nephews of the clergy, here be finally proclaimed to the world the Great Gospel of Anglo-Saxondom—that the prosperous shall inherit the earth. Where is the prophecy of Isaiah:—And in those days, saith the Lord, there shall be a Chair upon the earth, and a Vice-Chair amongst the nations. And they of the uttermost parts of the earth shall say "Hear, hear," and many Resolutions shall be passed in My Name, saith the Lord of Hosts. Where is the passage from Isaiah showing that the City of London and the House of Commons shall be as it were as fountains of water, and as the shadow of a great rock in a dry and thirsty land? When the Lord turned again the captivity of the Stock Exchange: then were we like unto them that dream.

It should be enough for good Catholics to demonstrate the utter wickedness of all this "modern spirit;" it should be enough for thinkers of mediocre intelligence to demonstrate the silliness of it all—as though one should say, argon has been discovered; the Peckham Protestants Protest against the Literal Resurrection, so we must give up the Mass; but it is perhaps necessary to show that this modern scheme, besides being foolish and false, is also futile. It really does not pay; and against that sentence Modernism surely cannot appeal. Three hundred years ago or more the Blessed Reformers discovered that Englishmen were dolefully ignorant of the Christian Faith, because the services were in Latin; the said services were accordingly translated into English. See the result: of all creatures on earth the English Churchman is most ignorant of his religion; the Common Prayer-book is a puzzle to him; auricular confession is to him a Popish innovation, fasting on Fridays a superstition; the disciples of the medicine-man can give a more intelligent account of the mysteries than he. So this squalid, and stupid, and ungodly scheme has failed in the one aim which it attempted, and the result of "popularising" the Catholic Faith has been to drive half the population outside the pale of the Church. And from the point of view of literature—Has any one pondered the Prayers on Special Occasions, composed and issued by the late Archbishop Tait? And our music? Is it necessary to argue the question as to the superiority of plainsong over the efforts of Smart and Goss? And our hymns? Here is the one side:

Ecce panis Angelorum,
Factus cibus viatorum:
Vere panis filiorum,
Non mittendus canibus.
In figuris præsignatur,
Cum Isaac immolatur:
Agnus Paschæ deputatur:
Datur Manna patribus.
Bone Pastor, panis vere,
Jesu nostri miserere:
Tu nos pascere, nos tuere:
Tu nos bona fac videre
In terra viventium.
Tu, qui cuncta scis et vales:
Qui nos pascis hic mortales:
Tuos ibi commensales,
Cohæredes et sodales
Fac sanctorum civium. Amen. Alleluia.

And the other:

Jesu, gentlest Saviour,
Thou art in us now;
Fill us full of goodness
Till our hearts o'erflow.
Multiply our graces,
Chiefly love and fear,
And, dear Lord, the chiefest,
Grace to persevere.

And now our Fathers in God are attempting the cure. Having discovered that half England is Anabaptist, or Independent, or Wesleyan, they are going to draw the strayed sheep back into the fold by showing that the English Church is more Anabaptist than the Anabaptists, more Independent than the Independents, more Wesleyan than the Wesleyans; it being also provided that "our beloved Church" affords more snug lying for "reverent Agnostics"

than any other community. In a word, we proffer all the comforts of home, and everything as nice as mother makes it; so daily do we blaspheme and deny the Holy Catholic Church, the Cloud of Witnesses, the Assembly of the Firstborn, and the Lord that bought us. The tactics of the quack-medicine vendor, the intelligence of Earlswood, the religion of the Prince of this World (who has another name)—to these ends has come Britain, once the abode of the saints. Our Bishops may not be passionately certain as to the Resurrection; but, at all events, they forbid us to sing the hymns of the fourth century—pending, no doubt, an enabling Act of Parliament and the latest results of scientific investigation.

I am sorry that space does not allow me to deal with "The Spiritual Return of Christ Within the Church," by Richard de Bary (Murray), or with "The Golden Sayings of Brother Giles" (Fisher Unwin), both of which books may be earnestly recommended as antidotes to the fooleries that we have been considering.

ARTHUR MACHEN.

STAGE CHILDREN: AN IMPRESSION AND A MORAL

I DO not know that at any time Hastings is a very lively place. The houses have acquired a habit of being vacant, and even the front, with its bath-chairs, its band-stands that are silent on Sundays, and its seats upon which one may not smoke, is more suggestive of Puritans and invalids than of pleasure. If Time should suddenly drop a week from the due order of days it is easy to imagine that those bath-chairs, those unfragrant shelters, those much-labelled houses would startle the dreaming tourists with vacant faces of dead men. But when in late March the day has squandered its gold, and the earth is saddened with the gentle greyness of the dusk, when, moreover, the cheerful sea has deserted the shore, creeping far out to leave dull acres of untrodden sand, waste and bitter with salt, a man might surely be forgiven if he cried aloud against the extreme cruelty of Nature, the timid injustice of man.

Being of Anglo-Saxon blood, I did not give definite expression to the melancholy which the quenched seascape had invoked. I contented myself with leaning on the rail, and sneering at the art of the cripple who had made mathematically exact scratchings of Windsor Castle and the Eddystone Lighthouse on the sand. There was something almost humorously impertinent about that twisted figure with one foot bowing and hopping for pennies in front of a terrible back-cloth of dreamy grey. How could a man forget the horrors of infinite space, and scratch nothings on the blank face of the earth for coppers? His one foot was bare so that his Silver-like activities might not spoil his pictures, and when he was not hopping he shivered miserably. As I saw him at the moment he stood very well for humanity—sordid, grotesque, greedy of mean things, twisted and bruised by the pitiless hand of Nature.

And then in a flash there happened one of those miracles which rebuke us when we lack faith. Through the shadows which were not grey but purple there burst a swarm of children running on light feet across the sands. They chased each other hither and thither, stooped to gather shells and seaweed, and inspected the works of the cripple with outspoken admiration. Regarding my mournful and terrible world in detail, they found it beautiful with pink shells and tangled seaweed and the gallant efforts of men. So far from being terrified or humiliated by the sombre wastes of sand and sky, they made of the one a playing-ground, and woke the other with echoes of their shrill laughter. Perhaps they found that the sea was rather larger than the Serpentine, perhaps they thought that the sands were not so well lit as Kingsway; but, after all, they were making holiday, and at such a time things are different. They laughed at space.

For these were London children, and all the resources of civilisation had not been able to deprive them of that

sense of proportion which we lose with age. The stars are small and of little importance, and even the sun is not much larger than a brandy-ball. But a golden pebble by the seashore is a treasure that a child may hold in its hand, and it is certain that never a grown-up one of us can own anything so surely. We may search our memories for sunsets and tresses of dead girls, but who would not give all their faded fragrance for one pink shell and the power to appreciate it? So it was that I had found the world wide and ugly and terrible, lacking the Aladdin's lamp of imagination, which had shown the children that it was a place of treasure, with darkness to make the search exciting. They flitted about the beach like eager moths.

Yet on these children civilisation had worked with her utmost cunning, with her most recent resource. For they were little actors and actresses from Drury Lane, touring in a pantomime of their own; wise enough in the world's ways to play grown-up characters with uncommon skill, and bred in the unreality of the footlights and the falsehood of grease-paints. Nevertheless, coming fresh from the elaborate make-belief of the theatre and the intoxicating applause, they ran down to the sea to find the diamonds and pearls that alone are real. If this is not wisdom I know not where wisdom lies, and, watching them, I could have laughed aloud at the thought of the critics who have told me that the life of the stage makes children unnatural. There are many wise and just people who do not like to see children acting, forgetting perhaps that mimicry is the keynote of all child's play, and that nothing but this instinct leads babies to walk upright and to speak with their tongues. Whether they are on the stage or not, children are always borrowing the words and emotions of other people, and it is a part of the charm of childhood that through this mask of tricks and phrases the real child peeps always into the eyes and hearts of the elect.

And this is why I know nothing more delightful than the spectacle of a score of children playing at life on the stage. They may have been taught how to speak and how to stand, and what to do with their hands; they may know how to take a prompt, and realise the importance of dressing the stage; every trick and mannerism of the grown-up actor or actress may be theirs; yet, through their playing there will sound the voice of childhood, imaginative, adventurous, insistent, and every performance will supply them with materials for a new game. So it was with these children, whose sudden coming had strewn the melancholy beach with pearls. I had seen them in the dimness of a ballet-room under Drury Lane Theatre; now, with a coin, I bought the right to see them on a stage built with cynical impertinence in the midst of the intolerant sea. The play indeed was the same, and the players, but the game was different. The little breaks and falterings which the author had not designed, the only half-suppressed laughings which were not in the prompt-copy, bore no relationship, one might suppose, to the moral adventures of Mother Goose. But far across the hills the spring was breaking the buds on the lilac, and far along the shore the sea was casting its jewels, and even there in the theatre I could see the children standing on tip-toe to pick lilac, and stooping on the sands to gather pearls. They did not see that they were in a place of lank ropes and unsmoothed boards soiled with the dust of forgotten pageants and rendered hideous by the glare of electric lights; and they were right. For in their eyes there shone only that place of adventure which delights the feet of the faithful, whether they tread the sands, or the stage, or the rough cobbles of Drury Lane. To the truly imaginative a theatre is a place of uncommon possibilities; our actors and actresses, and even our limelight-men, are not imaginative, and so, I suppose, they find it ugly. The game is with the children.

And truly they play it for what it is worth, and they are wise enough to know that it is worth all things, alike on the boards of the theatre and on the wider, but hardly less artificial, stage of civilised life. We, who are older, tremble between our desire for applause and our unconquerable dread of the angers of the critical gods and the gaping

pit, and it is for this reason that every bitter-wise adult knows himself to be little better than a super, a unit of a half-intelligent chorus, who may hope at best to echo with partial accuracy the songs and careless laughter of the divine players. There is something pathetic in the business; for we, too, were once stars, and thought, finely enough, to hold the heavens for ever with our dreams. But now we are glad if the limelight shines by accident for a moment on our faces, or if the stage-manager gives us but one individual line. We feel, for all the sad fragrance of our old programmes and newspaper-cuttings, that it is a privilege to play a part in the pageant at all. The game is with the children; but if we are wise, there is still somewhere at the back of the stage a place where each one of us can breathe the atmosphere of enchantment and dream the old dreams. No Arcadia is ever wholly lost.

RICHARD MIDDLETON.

THE SPIRIT OF MAN

CERTAIN people are always to be met who hold to the opinion that success has come rather when they are happy than when paunch or pocket is full to the load-line of tranquillity, and "Queer" is the distinguishing and honourable adjective diligently applied to them by practical persons whose pleasures take shapes more or less rotund, hues more or less florid. Finest prosperity is that of the queer people when in quiet, infrequent hours they are given for a sign some white, wonderful bloom of thought to be bound thriftily with the pale posy of dreams which they have plucked on their lonely way. At such times common things of earth, most ordinary events of life, link themselves as a bridge of boats across a stream, whereon they may venture a little excursion to the misty banks of a new country; the hand that imprisons secrets incommunicable relaxes. Indefatigably the crowd still plays the game, takes hazardous kicks at the goal, or scores laborious centuries, and the few watch; but, thus observant, standing aloof, yet not scornful, they perceive the wide spaces of mystery and silence, shadow and gleam, which encircle that hoarse, restless throng, and are fain to consider them of immeasurably higher significance than the quest of the cacophonists.

The popular idea that mystery appertains solely to antiquated and ghost-like things—ruined castles, Burmese pagodas, shrivelled fakirs, Greek temples—is a supposition most misleading. If on a wet night, mounting an omnibus that passes a certain big junction, you survey the splendid sweep of shining rails, the abacus of tri-coloured signal-lamps, the gyrating steam, shot with fierce cones of light from engine-fires, the small, sombre figures moving down there in the murk, can you resist a thrill of vague curiosity, a sense as of an unseen note of interrogation behind it all? It simply means, retorts the materialist, proud of his pathetic hard-headedness, that you can buy a pink or yellow ticket, board a train, and journey where you will. That is doubtless a useful fact, but it in no way satisfies that persistent question-mark.

Trees are familiar enough; walk through the fields and reflect wherein the beauty of a tree consists. We say this column or fresco or that building is beautiful; but let one plaster scroll slip out of position, one flower be the wrong colour, one cornice lower than its complementary, and the work of art becomes an unsightly horror. Yet not a single line of a tree is accurately balanced by another. Taken as a whole, it comprises an assembly of exquisite curves and pleasing angles—unsymmetrical, but contenting the eye of the beholder as nothing else does. We, in our imitations and limitations, are driven to the laws of perspective and geometry in order to construct our town-halls, our patterned wall-papers, our tolerable ornaments; the tree, knowing naught of sculpture or Athenian contours, just grows. Its leaves might have been square, oblong, circular; instead, they assume an endless variety of

inconsequent serrations; how rigid and sad are the twisted iron copies on our towering lodge-gates! Its branches might have issued at severe right angles; but we find the slim, almost feminine stateliness of the poplar, the languid arch of the willow, the chubby pollard, the stalwart, masculine dignity of the oak. This is an objective mystery; there is another, when, hushed in summer calm, the trees wait and sigh through the livelong day, or when, wrenched by lusty gales, the shrill leaves cry, the branches writhe and wrestle, the great trunks groan. What are they trying to express? "A bird of the air shall carry the voice, and that which hath wings shall tell the matter."

Sometimes, at long intervals, we realise how things inexplicable and imponderable invest every moment, waking or sleeping. In the street, perhaps, a minute comes when you are suddenly stricken with a feeling of incompetence, uncertainty; the noise of traffic merges to a roar—it might well be the lapse of water headlong into a hollow pool, an incomprehensible, eerie sound. Things seem unreal; or is it that their reality has so intensified that they emanate a strange, oppressive intelligence? You draw a long breath, and glance round. What sea of hallucination floods the city? What means this sublime farewell in the sky, the silent conflagration of sunset?

Falls from afar the blood of God, like rain
Immortal agony! Eternal pain!

Whence comes the quick longing to bend over the white, weeping face of this tiny unknown child looking up at you? Why is that old man with bleared, hopeless countenance and mis-shapen, filthy hands, wearily offering a box of matches to an interminable procession? Why is this other man shouting monotonously from the footboard of a 'bus, and a third, weatherbeaten, grey, inured, gazing patiently ahead into the welter that booms through the ravine of dusky buildings? Why are you here, critical and conscious? A woman's eyes meet and cling to yours for a rich moment in the crowd. You are afraid to look round at her lest others misunderstand; she also is afraid, and so you both pass on with the little life you lived in that moment, and never meet again. If you had spoken, would she have laughed, or frowned and turned away, or—tremendous thought—would she have understood? What divine ambassador has been at your side, touching your shoulder and bidding you behold that "Magic Shadow-show"? If you could seize the mood, prolong it, might not some still, small voice, some exalted word, come from that obscure chamber of the dwelling whose doors seem for ever fast? "Who knoweth the spirit of man, that goeth upward?"

These things do not happen, say the pleasant, bluff, two-dimensional people, busily trudging across their Flatland (so busily that they have no time to waste in dreams, albeit a few minutes can be spared to mock the dreamer); and if they did, would be unimportant. True; perhaps not, to them; but they do happen, and have to be arraigned when we cast the accounts of the hours at close of day. There are more adventures of the soul than of the body. Let two men voyage on the same boat to some city in the southern hemisphere, both equipped with the conventional number of senses, identical accuracy of eyesight, similar keenness of hearing. From the deck of the liner they scan the splendour of the constellations so intricately set upon the purple dome. "A fine night," remarks one; and that is all. Does he comprehend what he is doing? The other knows that from a fresh view-point he is looking off—neither up nor down, but off—the planet of his birth into the sleet of stars that drives through eternity, among which his home is but an imperceptible speck—yet a speck which carries salt sea-winds strong as wine, clouds and mountains and rain, and hope, joy, love, sorrow, and all other things that make up the life of a man—and death. He knows that as this earth "spins like a fretful midge" morning and noon and night are but words on men's tongues, and that all without is darkness unfathomable. He hears the soft seethe and fall of the curling wave at the ship's bows, and remembers that every particle of water in that lovely, luminous apex which divides and spreads back toward the

cold Northern oceans whence he came, contains a hardly numerable multitude of living organisms. The hour for him is a mystery, a vision; but it is as real to him as the mast-head spark that moves in curious ellipses against the zenith while the vessel surges onward. Who would grudge him his extra world?

Is it any wonder that men are to be found who style themselves Pantheists?—that we still do, in one form or another, worship the ancient Pan? We see the god in the flower, in the hill, in the snow, in the star; vaguely we adore in the wind fragrant from the heathery moor, or solemn as the whispers of a Cathedral organ, among the dark aisles of the firs. Loving the "sinless summer carol" of the lark, we seek also the reason for his passionate song. Taking our microscopes, we discern a world's commotion in a water-drop. Devising a rule whereby to measure the universe, we search the parallax of a distant sun only to discover that our mighty base-line of a hundred and eighty millions of miles is insufficient to displace the image, and with ringing brains we turn away. Annihilating the past, we watch our earth robbing herself through the fire and flood of remote ages; peering forward to when time's hand shall eagerly clutch his final minute, on that unnerving brink we front the derision of silence. Then, perchance, we surrender to the mystery, and weave our fantasies, and dream our dreams, imagining, it may be, that the magnificent lights in heaven are but lamps held by patient angels in that terrible outer gloom to illumine the coming of some royal onrushing world which we have never seen, chords of whose spherulic music are yet trembling along black infinities of space; lamps which, their purpose accomplished, shall be swiftly dashed down, to burn for a few æons and flicker out in a stifled flare, dead. The mystery overwhelms us. We feel the beating of invisible wings, and hope; glimpsing, we imagine, the winsome face of truth, it is besmirched and transfigured in ghastly masquerade, and our hope, like a poor little sparrow, lies fluttering to death in the dirt. In a dolour of defeated thought we are more than ever aware of an intensely real longing to pierce the veil. What great symphony is it of which we catch here and there a low, agitated harmony, a fugitive echo?

Was the preacher right when, after his reiterated pleasures and pains, he concluded, "all that cometh is vanity"? Philosophy is cold. Science, erecting her giant superstructures of theory on hillocks of knowledge, huge factories of unstable hypotheses to explain her foundations, fails. Love, who "looked forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners," now stoops to plant her immortelles in the mould covering the form loved best and needed most, knowing only that the veil has thickened—the veil that once, strong with lover's laughter, she had thought to thrust aside.

Yet we smile, and see "as through a glass, darkly," and seek for the dawn. Some of us, perhaps, may find it, but it is bright with tears.

WILFRID L. RANDELL.

SHORTER REVIEWS

The Spirit of Parliament. By DUNCAN SCHWANN, M.P. (Alston Rivers, Ltd., 3s. 6d. net.)

It is impossible for the average Englishman to remain entirely unaffected by such an institution as Parliament. "The august mother of Parliaments" belongs to the pompous phraseology of an older time, and there are those to-day who speak, glibly enough, of the "gasworks." But whatever may be your attitude with regard to the national legislative assembly—whether it be one of admiration or one of distrust and possibly dislike—you cannot at least ignore it. To every thoughtful Englishman the House of Commons stands as a perpetual challenge. In spite of Press and platform, it remains enveloped in mystery. An occasional visit to the Strangers' Gallery will hardly afford much enlightenment to the student of practical politics.

anxious to study at first hand the legislative processes of his country. We know that, in a room so small that it fails to hold the six hundred and seventy members who have been chosen by the country to sit in it, ten thousand laws have been talked into being, and we know little else.

It is for this reason that Mr. Duncan Schwann's volume is a valuable addition to our political literature. For Mr. Schwann has taken pity on our ignorance. He has afforded us some interesting glimpses into the working of the Parliamentary machine. He has brought the gods a little nearer to earth.

Mr. Schwann writes with an enthusiasm which, if not infectious, is certainly admirable. The point of view is incontrovertibly that of the new Member, of one who has hardly had time to surrender illusions, or to acquire that surface cynicism which is so valuable an asset in Parliamentary life. He views politics through the magnifying-glasses of inexperience, and he finds it possible to write of the House of Commons as "the Custom House at which all ideas, political or social, progressive or reactionary, fantastic or practical, pay toll":

Gathered together within its confines (he adds) are the sharpest wits in the land: bold thinkers and reformers, men with brains of quicksilver, whose neighbourhood is electric to their duller fellows.

One is not accustomed to regard St. Stephen's as the meeting-place of the wit and wisdom of the nation, and we have ourselves known Members of Parliament whom Charity herself would hardly care to describe as either witty or wise. But then Mr. Schwann is a new, or at least a comparatively new, Member!

The abolition of the party system is a subject which has been engaging the attention of our political writers for a considerable time past, and quite recently a prominent London weekly advocated the adoption of a centre-party which should embrace all that is progressive in Toryism and all that is reactionary in Liberalism—a combination from the thought of which, we should have imagined, the mind of man would shrink with an instinctive horror. Mr. Schwann, however, asserts that we are free from any such baleful possibility. His reasons are worth stating:

The first influence to which I ascribe the probable continuance of our two-party Government is the shape of the House of Commons, its construction in an oblong, and not the semi-circular form common to nearly all foreign Chambers. For from this detail spring important consequences. It creates a real physical division between the Government's supporters and those of the Opposition, so that all men can see the gulf placed between their rival policies. The floor of the House is, indeed, a Rubicon, involving real and practical severance from former ties and friends for a politician who crosses it. It does not, like a circular assembly, in which a continuous half-circle of seats rises tier on tier before the President's desk, allow a gentle sliding into new associations by the simple process of moving one's place nearer to the Left or the Right.

Limitations of space make it impossible for the reviewer to follow Mr. Schwann into the numerous ramifications of his subject. The book, however, may be confidently recommended as an entertaining guide to the uninitiated. And it remains to be said that Mr. Schwann is not only a charming writer, but an astute politician. For he has dedicated this volume "to the 5,545 electors of the Hyde Division of Cheshire." It may be safely assumed that when the next General Election comes the 5,545 electors of the Hyde Division of Cheshire will not have forgotten this subtlest of compliments.

The Oceanic Languages: their Grammatical Structure, Vocabulary, and Origin. By D. MACDONALD, D.D. (Henry Frowde.)

For the production of this volume our thanks are due in the first place to the liberality of the Australian Government. The work has obviously involved immense research, laborious industry, and a high standard of erudition. Its author, moreover, has used in the course of his researches the celebrated work of Sidney Ray and Codrington, who are acknowledged to be the highest linguistic authorities in their respective fields. The only other really valuable facts in the book occur in the Introduction (containing a solid and most welcome contribution to our knowledge of the

people of Efate) and the chapters on the grammar, phonology, and vocabulary of Efatese as a New Hebridean dialect. Of less value is the fact that the vocabulary is greatly enlarged by the inclusion of a number of parallel forms taken from the various languages of the Malayan family, not unfrequently identified with Semitic parallels; we regret that we must add an emphatic note of warning as to the futility of argumentative methods such as those on which the author's theory of Semitic connection is based. This theory has been allowed unnecessarily to intrude itself into all parts of the volume and considerably detracts from the worth of what might have been an uniformly valuable and useful pioneering work. A great number of the parallels with Semitic given in the Vocabulary are of the unscientific, popular, guess-work type, unhappily but too familiar to serious students, while other words are still more obviously unconnected in origin. Specimens of this (we trust obsolescent) method of etymology are:

EFATE.		ARABIC.
<i>raru</i> (boat, ship)	=	<i>markab</i> (a boat or ship)
<i>bulut-i</i> (to plaster)	=	" <i>afara</i> (to cover)
<i>buka</i> (to swell)	=	<i>nafah'a</i> (to inflate)
<i>goko-i</i> (to scrape)	=	<i>hakka</i> (to grind by rubbing, hack, cut, pierce)
<i>uose</i>	=	<i>mikday</i> (an oar)
<i>lagi</i> (wind)	=	<i>nasama</i> (blow gently)
<i>bue</i> (to pour on)	=	<i>naba'</i> (to pour)

For a statement specifically and in set terms asserting an etymological connection between these words and their *soi-disant* Semitic parallels, see Introduction, p. x. Perhaps the most astounding part of the proof of Semitic connection is that derived from triliteralism, the existence of which in the Oceanic languages is said to be "an irresistible inference," though we fear that, in view of the nature of the argument, there will be few authorities on either of these linguistic families, or on the races that speak them, who would not "resist" it. The methods by which the Arabic *Ba'ala* or Baal, the name of the god, is identified with *uola* or *nanola*, the chief idol of the Efatese (see Vocab. sub *uola*), are typical of the weaknesses of this side of the book. The spelling, generally speaking, is not uniformly good, and in analysing words the author in some cases takes affixes as forming part of the root, and in others takes part of the root as an affix. Examples of the former occur on p. 36 (Malay *lipat*, *lapis*, contradicted, however, on p. 21; also Malay *malipat* on p. 37), and examples of the latter on p. 87 (Malay *baki*, *bagi*, and *kapada*).

The author's explanations of the Malay numerals (*dalapan* and *sambilan*) and the statement that "they are not compound words" (p. 7) are based, like many other statements in support of the theoretical part of the book, upon mere assumptions at variance with known facts.

The Romance of George Villiers, First Duke of Buckingham, and some Men and Women of the Stuart Court. By PHILIP GIBBS. (London: Methuen, 15s. net.)

THE history of the first Duke of Buckingham is so picturesque and grandiose, and altogether amazing, that it would take a very dull historian to make it other than interesting. Mr. Gibbs is by no means dull. He is quick to see the points, and he writes lucidly and at times forcibly. He has studied his authorities with care. Sometime we had an impression—but it may have been only an impression—that he did not quite live in the seventeenth century while he wrote. A slight indication of unfamiliarity is on page 228, where he evidently thinks that the word "crazy," quoted from a letter, had its modern sense, instead of meaning simply ill, or as we might say "shaky." He does not escape the tendency of biographers to be over-kind to their subjects, and George Villiers appears in his pages as a much finer fellow than he was. For what really does his story come to? His original promotion by James I., solely on account of his good looks, was a gross scandal. Placed in power, he made one huge mistake after another, and was a veritable scourge to his Sovereigns and his country. He had personal courage, and was, for that period, a tolerably faithful friend and generous enemy, but there his virtues

end, and his vices were many. In detail Mr. Gibbs admits all this, but the general picture is somehow fairer than the original. That, however, is the fault of nearly all biographers, and it does not go very far in this case.

The Court of James I. was, perhaps, the most vicious in our history, and something, not all, of its blackness comes into the earlier part of this book. There is the ghastly story of the Somersets—Somerset's scandalous rise to fortune, his wife's infamy, the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury—all the lust and violence and superstition—it is truly terrible to read of. Against it is a blaze of colour—gay masques, splendid apparel, lavishness run riot. And gentler human sympathies come into this, as into all other human histories. Even James, odious as he was, claims a sort of pity as we read his pathetic letters to his "sweete boys" in Spain—Steenie and Baby Charles. Buckingham's fond and faithful wife, Kate, whom he loved and deceived so often, is a sadly interesting figure:

Now I will no more write (she writes to him) to hope you do not go, but must betake myself to my prayers for your safe and prosperous journey, which I will not fail to do, and for quick return, but never whilst I live will I trust you again.

One would have liked to hear more about her and her quiet life in the country, while her disastrous lord ruffled it abroad. The friendship between Charles and Villiers—whom, like his father, he always wrote to as "Steenie"—was loyal and steadfast, and is a pleasant element in both their stories. But Fenton's dagger was probably a good thing for the King, as it certainly was for the country.

FICTION

The Daughter. By CONSTANCE SMEDLEY. (Constable, 6s.)

WE have looked forward with pleasurable anticipation to a new work by the author of "Conflict," and we have not been disappointed. "The Daughter" is well worth reading, both because of the excellent way in which the plot is manipulated and the strength and fidelity of the character-drawing. The theme is an interesting one, inasmuch as it deals with one of the problems of the day, and faces it in a very bold and unconventional manner. Whether Miss Smedley's solution is a good or even a practicable one is an open question, but good workmanship, combined with a rare knowledge of human nature, enables her to present her theory in a very plausible guise. That a girl, however young and quixotic she may be, would deliberately sacrifice herself by marrying a man whom she has never even seen (and whom she believes to be below her in class and education) for the sake of £10,000, to be dedicated to the use of the "Neo-Suffragist" Society, is improbable to the last degree; but the girl herself is so human, and her subsequent adventures so entirely what they would be under the circumstances, that the reader is drawn, in spite of himself, into taking a serious view of the matter.

A Mellon Monologue. By DIANA CROSSWAYS. (Alston Rivers, 3s. 6d.)

As the title suggests, hunting is the prevailing topic in this book. "Lady Diana Crossways" and her husband, "Freddie," in a laudable attempt to retrieve the fallen fortunes of their house, let their country place to a city millionaire and take a small hunting-box at Melton. Here, in her spare moments, "Lady Di" records her impressions of her new surroundings and neighbours in a diary, portions of which form the present book. The result of her efforts is a very pleasant mixture of sport and gossip, with here and there a touch of shrewd self-analysis. The entire sketch is very slight. There is a "sentimental episode," but it is treated with a light hand; Lady Di returning to the now unencumbered estates with her rather grumpy Freddie and an apparently unscathed heart. The writer is at her best when describing and criticising her friends and enemies, and at her worst when transcribing their conversations. The dialogue is

rather heavy and stilted, the result, perhaps, of a desire to be epigrammatic. This is the more noticeable as the rest of the diary is particularly unaffected in style.

The Half-Smart Set. By FLORENCE WARDEN. (John Milne, 6s.)

MISS WARDEN has wisely omitted the long list of works which usually stand under her name on the fly-leaf of her novels, and has been content to announce herself on this occasion simply as the author of "The House on the Marsh," the work on which her reputation as a writer rests. She is also to be congratulated on the fact that the present volume is far worthier of her pen than any of the many detective stories that have preceded it. The rather vulgar failings of a middle-class would-be fast set are placed before us with a certain kindly satire. The contrast between the "half-smart" and a very narrow-minded, Puritanical little circle in a manufacturing town is also cleverly described. There is something to be said for both sides, and the author gives us a temperate and unbiassed view of these two most dissimilar branches of society.

The Duke's Motto. By JUSTIN H. MCCARTHY. (Methuen, 6s.)

THERE is a distinction of style about "The Duke's Motto" that entitles it to be described as the best romance Mr. McCarthy has written. He possesses the all-important temperament—half Irish and half French—that is necessary when writing of French romance with convincing boldness. The book deals principally with the career of Henri de Lagardere, soldier of fortune and, of course, invincible swordsman. He is introduced to the reader in a provincial inn, where nine bullies are awaiting instructions to murder Louis de Nevers, the husband of Gabrielle de Caylus, and friend of his betrayer, Louis de Gonzague. The latter is the hirer of the nine swordsmen, but Lagardere unexpectedly fights for the Duke, and, when the nobleman is murdered, saves his baby daughter, and disappears to wreak vengeance on the murderers of the man who invented "the famous thrust of Nevers." Louis de Gonzague provides plenty of sword-exercise for the ex-captain of the King's Guard, but the paid assassins are unlucky, and seventeen years after the death of the Duke Lagardere returns disguised to Paris to restore Gabrielle, the daughter of Nevers, to her mother and expose the treachery of the scoundrel who had by that time become the nominal husband of the widowed duchess. It would be unfair to Mr. McCarthy to give his plot in too much detail, though the story is so well told that even those who know it will not be less interested in the manner of telling it. The exciting incidents, plots and counterplots, duels, battles, murders, and very sudden deaths are described with a facility and expression that leave the reader incapable of thinking of anything other than the book. All the usual tributes from the Critic's Dictionary of Hackneyed Phrases will be applied to "The Duke's Motto," and the craft is so ancient that it is difficult to say something new. Mr. McCarthy, however, can safely allow his reputation to stand or fall by his latest novel. For any writer to select a very old story—and one, moreover, that has done duty on many stages—shows a daring that is only justified by complete success. That the author of "The Duke's Motto" has accomplished this is proof positive and final of his literary skill.

Not Proven. By ALICE and CLAUDE ASKEW. (Ward Lock and Co., 6s.)

OF all the trials endured by a reviewer of modern fiction—and they are neither few nor trivial—none is surely so hard to bear as seeing on the cover of a novel the name of an author whose work has won his admiration, to find, on reading, evident deterioration.

This, we are sorry to say, is the case in the present instance. The authors of "The Shulamite" have written a murder story of the most "shilling shocker" order, where puppets and lay-figures commit murder, steal wills, blackmail, etc., and, finally, the good but uninteresting

figures marry, while the wicked and equally uninteresting either die or reform.

This class of work is all very well for many writers, who have learnt the trick, and know no others, but it will not do for authors who have given such proof of greatness as "The Shulamite." Of those who have given evidence that they can achieve much, much will be expected, and let this be the justification for severe criticism.

The Paxton Plot. By C. GUISE MITFORD. (John Long, 6s.)

IN this book Mr. Mitford presents himself as a serious rival to Mr. Le Queux and Mr. Allen Upward, for he writes of international politics and conspiracies. With one exception, the story is on very much the same lines as many others published during a single year. There is, of course, a Free-lance, brave as a lion, and resourceful as a hare; an arch-conspirator, with his chorus of satellites, is naturally his quarry, and on the latter's side there is (equally of course) a beautiful woman whom the Free-lance loves at first sight, and continues to love beyond the end of the story. But in this there occurs the exception to the usual rule of such stories as the present, for, instead of making his book end with wedding-bells, Mr. Mitford has been bold enough to make his heroine unworthy of his hero. Whether his readers will thank him for his originality is, we are afraid, a debatable question. The lovely woman in a story of secret diplomacy may be one of two things. She may be, on the one hand, the unhappy tool or prisoner of the arch-villain, and, in consequence, be the victim of calumny, or she may be herself the arch-villain, and her enchantments and wiles simply weapons of her villainy. But, if she be the former, she must be pure and unspotted in reality. Lovers of melodrama have no taste for subtleties of characterisation, and the villain's paramour should not be the object of the hero's love, especially if she be pictured sympathetically. There is also another point which, we are afraid, will not help the book to success. The climax and final curtain is the knighthood of the hero. Now, however enviable in its original endowment may have been the accolade of the Sovereign, it has unfortunately of late—we speak with all reverence—become so often the reward of successful tradesmen who have subscribed heavily to party funds that it has lost to no small extent its former unique honour. Consequently Mr. Mitford's reward to his hero runs no little risk of ridicule.

DRAMA

"HANNELE" AT THE SCALA THEATRE

"THE Play Actors," who produced this beautiful play by Gerhart Hauptmann last Sunday evening, are very much to be congratulated on their daring. For *Hannele* is one of those plays which appear at first sight to be more suited for private reading than for public performance; indeed, the difficulties to be surmounted in a stage representation are so many and obvious that many managers, fired by a desire to produce a thing so strange and haunting as this play, have, no doubt, given it up as a work beyond their powers. All the more honour, then, to this young society who, now they have led the way, will, it is to be hoped, induce others to produce it from time to time; in the same way as *Every Man* and other similar poetic dramas are from time to time revived.

Hannele is described by its author as a dream-poem, and it is so unlike anything I have ever before seen that I hesitate to describe it as a play which begins in the manner of Gorki and continues somewhat in the style of Hans Christian Andersen. At any rate, the scene is a village pauper refuge where are to be found four very undesirable persons—two men and two women. Suddenly the schoolmaster appears carrying the dying Hannele: she is a little girl of fourteen whom he has helped to rescue

from drowning in a pond into which she has thrown herself for fear of her reputed father. She is visited by the parish overseer and the doctor, and tended by a Sister of Mercy. The child is half-delirious and sees all kinds of visions: first her father appears and frightens her, then her dead mother comes and leaves her a flower, and then gradually she sees a vision of her own death as a child might see it; a child with a very simple belief in her Saviour, whose idea of death had been got from simple pictures, whose idea of goodness was her schoolmaster and her mother, and whose idea of evil was her drunken father; who mixed this all up with her everyday life, with the out-casts she had just seen, the school friends and the villagers, and who added to it a longing for pretty clothes and a horrible fear of the great "sin against the Holy Spirit." The whole vision is beautified as only a poet like Hauptmann could beautify it, and if the sentiment is too Teutonic and too Protestant to satisfy fully all tastes, no one can deny its sincerity and its reverence. As in the vision of Dante his hates, his admirations, and his love have their place, so in this little village girl's death-dream her father and her mother get mixed up with her simple thoughts of the great black angel of death, and when Christ at last appears it is in the form of the schoolmaster, who gradually throws off his earthly habit and becomes transfigured as he leads the angel-dressed child up the golden steps into heaven.

Criticism of such a play seems to me to be out of place. To many it must appeal most strongly, and others may find a difficulty in following it. Certainly its representation on the stage is surrounded with the greatest difficulties, and I should have thought it would have been better if there had been a statement on the programme that, with the exception of the Sister who was in the room for a few moments at the beginning of the second part, every one else after the interval was merely a part of the vision. The real actors and actresses, especially when they had appeared as real people earlier in the play, looked so very real later on, even when they were bathed in coloured limelight. However, in any event, this performance was more than creditable to its producers and all who took part in it; and when it has to be taken into account that there was this one and only performance praise cannot be too warmly bestowed on all concerned. For this reason I feel that the acting all round was of a high order of merit, and I wish I had space to mention all the ladies and gentlemen in the caste. Miss Winifred Mayo as Hannele was a most pathetic and winning figure; she brought out well the childish fears and faith of the strange little girl so filled with little vanities and genuine goodness. Mr. H. R. Hignett, too, can scarcely be too highly praised for his acting as Gottwald, the schoolmaster, both when a real person and, perhaps, still more so as he gradually changed into a likeness of Christ that we have seen so often in the familiar pictures of children's books. Miss Marie Linden was admirable as the Sister of Mercy, and the same must be said of Miss Edyth Olive in the similar dream-part, though I do not quite see why the two parts could not have been taken by the same actress. I admired also very much "the Great Black Angel," whose name did not appear in the programme. It was an entertainment which will live long in the memory, and I sincerely hope it will be repeated again in the near future.

A. C.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE NATIONAL LIBERAL CLUB

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—THE ACADEMY is always interesting, but it may fairly be said that this week's issue contains an economic discovery of enormous value to the world. I know not whether to assign the credit to you or to Mr. Crosland; perhaps to you, seeing that you have given it the publicity of a Literary Note in your Literary Review.

The facts, you will remember, were these:

The National Liberal Club made a profit last year of £8,703 on

its sale of provisions, wines, spirits, beers, cigars, and cards. The stock in hand at the end of the year was £10,048, of which amount £9,701 represented wines, spirits, beers, and mineral waters. It may therefore be assumed, said you (and Mr. Crosland), that nine-tenths of its profits came from that source.

The discovery may be put in words thus: "The profits on the sale of any article are proportional to the value of the stock in hand at the end of the year." Let us examine this for a moment.

(a) A hawker sells fresh violets and collar-studs upon the Embankment. The violets, which he gets every day from Covent Garden, are in great demand; but nobody buys his collar-studs. At the end of a month he takes stock, and finds that, while he has no violets left, he has only succeeded in getting rid of one collar-stud; so that he still has nearly two shillings' worth of studs in hand. Being a reader of THE ACADEMY, he realises that the month's profit of £2 comes entirely from the sale of that collar-stud. Consequently he resolves to give up the flowers in future.

(b) A restaurant-keeper sells soda-and-milk at 6d. a glass, and makes a handsome profit. A fondness on the part of his customers for fresh milk prevents him from keeping large supplies of this in hand; his custom being to have so many gallons sent to him from his farm every morning. He takes stock one day, and finds that he has 253 bottles of soda-water. Being an admirer of Mr. Crosland, he resolves in future only to sell soda-water, hoping in this way to increase his profits.

And so forth. Somehow, it doesn't seem to work in practice, does it? It is just possible (is it not?) that the fact that more than nine-tenths of the stock in hand is liquor is due to that other fact that wines and spirits "keep" better than bread and meat. There would not be much milk "in hand" at the end of the year, would there? But there would be a good deal of cayenne-pepper. And yet I doubt if the National Liberal Club makes much of a profit on pepper.

Why, Sir, in your desire to score a point against the other party, do you argue in this way? Above all, why do you "challenge Mr. Blackie to repeat his statement in face of these figures"?

M.

P.S.—I notice that the £9,701 worth of stock includes the value of "mineral waters." Why do you lump these together with alcoholic drinks in order to "contradict quite flatly and categorically" Mr. Blackie's statement that "less alcoholic drink is consumed per head per member than in any similar club"?

["M's" merchant in violets and collar-studs is picturesque; but it amounts to little or nothing. One has a right to suppose that a person possessing at the end of successive years £10,000 worth of collar-studs is engaged in the collar-stud business. If you find £10,000 worth of cheese in a warehouse, it is lunacy to imagine that the owner of the warehouse makes his living out of dolls'-eyes or cheap clocks. However, THE ACADEMY is concerned with nothing but the truth. If "M." or Mr. Blackie can, for the honour of the National Liberal Club, demonstrate that the Club makes no profit on drink, but derives its income from the sale of cheap lunches, we shall be pleased to publish the facts and leave Mr. Crosland to take care of himself. With regard to grouping mineral waters with stronger drink, surely "M." does not wish us to imagine that the members of the National Liberal Club drink soda-water neat!—ED.]

THE STAGE SOCIETY AND THE BREAKING POINT

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The extreme sternness of your note on the Stage Society's production of *The Breaking Point* in last week's ACADEMY impels me to take up the cudgels on its behalf:

The Committee of Management (I read) made a very great mistake in producing the play, thereby laying itself open to the charge of having done so purely because it was prohibited by Mr. Redford. It is impossible to suggest any other reason for its production, and it would be interesting to learn what merits that able body found in it. I am not on the Managing Committee, and have, of course, no official claim to write on their behalf, but as a member of the society who witnessed the play I am quite prepared to defend their decision. I imagine the merits which induced them to produce it were the obvious sincerity and conviction with which it was written. *The Breaking Point* is not a very adroit piece of work. It has many technical defects: But it is a courageous attempt to treat a serious situation honestly and truthfully, to draw life and people as they are (or as the author believes them to be) without sentimentalising or extenuating in order to propitiate the box-office. Had *The Breaking Point* been the work of an experienced dramatist it might have been a question whether the handling of the subject, the drawing of the characters, the management of the dialogue were sufficiently skilful to justify its production. But as the work of a beginner, as a first play, it

seems to me (and, I suppose, seemed to the committee) to possess sufficient merit and show sufficient promise to be worth staging. For it cannot be too often repeated that the only way in which a dramatist can really learn his trade is by having his work produced. He can learn something, of course, by seeing other people's plays and reading other people's plays. But it is from the rehearsals of his own work and the performance of his own work that he learns most. One of the functions of the Stage Society is to provide a training-ground for beginners. I hope and believe that Mr. Garnett has learnt much from the production of *The Breaking Point*, that it has shown him what are its good points and what its bad. If this is so, the committee, it seems to me, were fully justified in producing his first play.

I also think the fact that Mr. Redford had refused to license it, if it did weigh with them, was rightly taken into consideration by the committee. When I reviewed the play in your columns on its publication I insisted most strongly that there was *nothing whatever in it to justify the Censor's action in refusing a licence for its performance*. There might be two opinions as to whether it was good or bad. There could not be two opinions as to its absolute propriety. One or two of the dramatic critics have said that they thought the Censor quite right to prohibit it because it was so dull; but that, of course, is only their conception of humour. Mr. Redford has no right to prohibit plays save on the definite grounds that they are immoral or indecent or blasphemous, or likely to provoke a breach of the peace. No one can pretend that *The Breaking Point* comes under any of these heads. It is a perfectly innocuous play of rather old-fashioned morality than otherwise, and the Censor exceeded his duty in prohibiting it. It is interesting to note that the Press, after the production, though on the whole unfavourable to the play, took this view with practical unanimity. The *Times* is the only exception I have discovered among the morning and evening papers. The Censor, having made a grave error of this kind, my own view is that the Stage Society were right to take the only practical method of demonstrating the fact—namely, to produce it. If the drama is to be under an irresponsible despotism in this country, let that despotism at least be intelligently exercised. I hope Mr. Garnett will now formally appeal to the Lord Chamberlain to have Mr. Redford's decision as to *The Breaking Point* reversed.

ST. JOHN HANKIN.

[We reply to Mr. Hankin in another part of the paper.—ED.]

THE STIBBERT ART COLLECTION

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—*Prima facie* to the average Englishman your correspondent "William Mercer" was fully justified in denouncing the action of the British Government in refusing the charge of the Stibbert collection in Florence; but to one acquainted with the practices of the Italian Government in such matters the refusal was sound policy. The £32,000 left for maintaining the institution would be dealt with roughly as follows:—First, about £3,200 would be deducted as legacy and other imposts, bringing the amount to £28,800. Then, under the laws of transferring property, which are very elastic, about 6 per cent. would be charged for transference to the trustees, reducing the sum to £26,000. The law costs (there are 260 lawyers in the Chamber of Deputies, and most of them have to be fed), stamps, and other expenses would bring the sum to £25,000. This would be invested in securities (public bonds) which pay the highest rate of income-tax (*Ricchezza Mobile*)—namely, 4s. in the pound—so that the income (reckoned at 4½ per cent.) of £1,125 would be brought down to £900. Of this sum £250 or so would be set apart for maintenance of the building, keeping it in repair, and so on (some one who is of use to the authorities probably having the contract, and spending about £50 on the work), and the balance of £650 would be available as salaries. Of all salaries paid a further 2s. 6d. in the pound would go to the Government as income-tax from the recipients; but, as a matter of fact, precious little would be paid in salaries. After all this you will understand that it is not surprising that nothing has been done so far in connection with the Stibbert collection; in fact, it will astonish those who know the little ways of the Italian Government if any of the £32,000 is ever paid out at all, and the expenses of management will most likely be taken out of admission fees. The British Government, no doubt, knew perfectly well that if they took over the collection the only practical purpose they would serve would be to act as a milch-cow to the Italian authorities. As a rule, foreign residents in Italy do not know of these things, because they escape direct taxation, there being no tax on incomes derived outside the country.

While on this subject it may be interesting to note that a charitable institution in Italy has to pay over 40 per cent. of its income directly or indirectly in taxes. Supposing the income were £1,000, £150 would have to be paid as income-tax, leaving

£850, of which about £300 would represent salaries and £500 supplies. The salaries would be taxed 2s. 6d. in the pound, and the extra cost of the supplies through customs and octroi duties would be 45 per cent.—£225, a total taxation of over £400.

EXPERIENCE.

LETTERS OF MONSIEUR DE BRÉMONT TO THE DUCHESS OF ANGOULÊME

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I should be much obliged if you or any of your readers could inform me whence the subjoined letters, set out in parallel columns, were respectively derived, and if either of them is genuine (for it is obvious one at least must be a forgery).

JOHN B. WAINEWRIGHT.

Letter of Monsieur Bremond to the Duchess of Angoulême as printed in Ad. Lanne's "Louis XVII." 2nd edition. (Paris: Dujarric et Cie, 50 Rue des Saints-Pères [? 1906]) at pp. 552-4.

"Madame,
"Serveur de votre auguste père, j'ai reconnu dans le prétendant, Charles - Guillaume Nauendorff, l'orphelin du Temple, votre auguste frère, le duc de Normandie, et je suis devenu son serviteur.

"Connaissant tous les moyens par lesquels Votre Altesse Royale a pu être trompée, et voulant remplir mon devoir envers l'orphelin du Temple, je me suis adressé à un de vos plus estimable serviteurs; je lui ai fait connaître tous les motifs qui devaient porter Votre Altesse Royale à faire un dernier examen de l'identité du duc de Normandie, son auguste frère, avec M. Nauendorff. J'ai proposé une assemblée de famille pour faire avec vous cet examen.

"Je déclare en la présence de Dieu à Votre Altesse Royale que le feu roi-martyr, mon auguste maître . . . ne voulut délibérer sur trois propositions qui lui étaient soumises pour l'acceptation de la Constitution en 1791, qu'après avoir fait la tentative de se réconcilier avec le roi George III. M. le Comte de Mercy Argenteau, Ambassadeur d'Autriche auprès de lui, fut le porteur de sa lettre autographe au roi d'Angleterre; et dans cette lettre il lui exprimait le regret le plus vif de s'être égaré au point d'avoir soutenu des rebelles contre leur roi légitime. Il lui demandait son amitié et l'emploi de toute sa puissance pour le protéger, en n'autorisant aucun acte de son gouvernement qui pût contribuer à troubler la sécurité de sa personne et celle de sa famille.

"Un traité secret s'ensuivit, par lequel le roi George III. donnait sa parole royale, non seulement de ne permettre à son gouvernement aucun acte contre la sécurité de Louis XVI. et la tranquillité de la France, mais employer toute son influence à rétablir le calme dans son royaume, et dans le cas où Louis XVI. viendrait à mourir, de prendre sous sa protection royale son épouse et ses enfants. Cet acte, Madame, vous le trouverez

Letter from the same to the same as printed in Jean de Bonnefon's "Le Baron de Richemont" (Paris: Louis Michaud, 168 Bd. St. Germain [? 1908]) at pp. 184-5.

"Madame,
"Serveur du roi martyr, votre auguste père, j'ai reconnu l'orphelin, votre auguste frère, le duc de Normandie, et je suis devenu son serviteur.

"Connaissant tous les moyens par lesquels V.A.R. a pu être trompée, et voulant remplir mon devoir de préserver l'orphelin du Temple des malheurs qui sont sur le point de s'accomplir, je me dois de vous dire que l'Autriche possède la preuve authentique de l'enlèvement du royal orphelin de la prison du Temple.

dans les archives de l'Autriche, comme dans celles de l'Angleterre, et vous jugerez que la lettre de George III. à S.A.R. Monseigneur le duc d'Angoulême, pour l'investir de la tutelle de l'orphelin du Temple, en 1794, et le cas de son mort arrivant, de le reconnaître pour roi légitime, est un jugement solennel contre LL. AA. RR. le comte de Provence et le comte d'Artois, malheureusement placés au nombre des conjurés contre Louis XVI.

"Les martyrs, vos augustes parents, en étaient tellement convaincus qu'ils les redoutèrent l'un et l'autre plus que les jacobins. Vous trouverez d'ailleurs dans les archives de l'Autriche, de l'Angleterre, de la Russie et de la Prusse, les déclarations faites à toutes ces cours, par le baron de Breteuil, ambassadeur secret et extraordinaire du roi, pour placer l'armée des princes à l'arrière-garde de leurs armées, sans jamais leur permettre d'entrer sur le territoire français.

"Enfin, Madame, je remplir le devoir que Dieu m'impose envers vous, en vous déclarant qu'à ma connaissance, la cour d'Autriche a la preuve authentique de l'enlèvement de l'orphelin du Temple. Je sais encore, d'une manière positive, que ceux qui ont eu le bonheur de le délivrer, l'ont conduit à Rome où il a été paternellement accueilli par le Saint Père Pie VI., dont il a un document écrit en latin, dans lequel il parle de lui et signe Pius Sextus. Il n'existe donc personne qui puisse vous donner des informations véridiques et contraires à ce que j'ai l'honneur de vous faire savoir. Mon honorable ami, feu M. de Montciel (ancien ministre de l'intérieur sous Louis XVI.), dont la copie du testament politique vous sera remise, a souvent gémi devant moi des illusions de Votre Altesse Royale. Plusieurs fois, il était sur le point d'aller vous demander une audience particulière, pour vous faire connaître l'existence de votre auguste frère. Cet honorable ami est mort dans mes bras de douleur de la catastrophe de 1830, en regrettant de n'avoir pu remplir son devoir en vous enlevant la cataracte dont on avait couvert vos yeux.

"Je crois que plusieurs de vos serviteurs, trompés eux-mêmes par le prince qu'ils avaient le malheur de servir, ont pu vous faire parler leurs erreurs; mais pour vous mettre en mesure de juger, j'ajoute le fait suivant; un d'entre eux, M. de Blacas, a reçu des mains de M. de Montciel, le trésor de la couronne, qu'il avait sauvé des mains des factieux pour le conserver à l'autorité du roi légitime.

"Ce trésor, valeur réelle, était de trois cents millions. Il fut converti en neuf millions de ventes placés dans les fonds étrangers, de préférence aux fonds français. J'ai su, en 1820, de mon ami M. d'André, qu'à sa connaissance il n'existait plus que sept millions de rentes

"Mon ami, le marquis de Monciel et moi, avons souvent gémi de l'erreur dans laquelle on entretenait V.A.R.

"Mon devoir, non seulement envers vous, mais envers Dieu auquel je dois compte des mes actions, m'oblige d'ajouter que le trésor de la Couronne qui vous fut remis alors qu'on ignorait l'existence du duc de Normandie, ne vous appartient pas, il doit être rendu à l'héritier légitime du trône, il ne vous est pas permis de vous en servir contre lui.

"Ce trésor, valeur réelle, était de trois cents millions. Il fut converti en neuf millions de rentes placés dans les fonds étrangers, de préférence aux fonds français. J'ai su de mon ami M. d'André, qu'à sa connaissance il n'existait plus que sept millions de rentes du

trésor. Depuis cette époque, il n'y a pas en lien sans doute de le diminuer. Ce trésor, Madame, appartient au roi légitime, et ce roi légitime, que vous embrasserez un jour avec bonheur, c'est votre auguste frère, duc de Normandie. Mais d'après la vérité que je vous déclare devant Dieu, il ne vous est plus permis de vous en servir contre lui.

"Que vos conseillers, Madame, ne se fassent pas illusion; ce sont eux qui sont responsables devant Dieu et devant leur roi légitime de l'emploi que vous en ferez.

"Mon devoir est rempli, Madame. Pour récompense de mes services envers le roi-martyr et envers sa famille, je n'ai jamais voulu accepter que le portrait de son Altesse Royale Monsieur, qu'il me donna en 1820. A l'âge de 78 ans, où je suis parvenu, je n'ai plus rien à recevoir de personne sur la terre; mais je dois me préparer à paraître devant Dieu qui du moins ne me fera pas la reproche de vous avoir caché la vérité.

"Je suis avec respect . . .

"BREMONT."

"Que vos conseillers, Madame, ne se fassent pas illusion; ils sont responsables devant Dieu de l'emploi que vous ferez de cette fortune.

"J'accomplis un devoir de conscience vis-à-vis de vous, Madame, et je crois que V.A.R. devrait faire un dernier examen de l'identité du Dauphin avec le duc de Normandie qui lui fut présenté en 1816. A l'âge de soixante-dix-huit ans, où je suis parvenu je n'ai plus rien à attendre ni à recevoir de personne sur la terre; mais, à mon heure dernière, ce me sera un consolation de ne pas vous avoir caché la vérité.

"Je suis, avec respect, madame, etc.,

"Signé; De BRÉMONT père.

"Semaes, Suisse,

"4 Novembre, 1839."

THE ETYMOLOGY OF "SEA"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I am sorry—for his own sake—to see Mr. Dodgson's reply to me on this subject (p. 672). Of course he is free to guess as much as he pleases; but that is no reason why he should misinterpret forms and make statements which are almost too absurd to be considered.

He first of all asked me a question about a Gothic verb, and as I replied, exposing his mistake, he has assumed that it is impossible for him to err, reiterates his already refuted assumption, and bolsters it up by making several more mistakes. It is quite unnecessary to continue an argument under such conditions; I can only put the unwary on their guard. Genuine students of Teutonic philology will have had more than enough of him by this time.

When he says that "*huljan* does not resemble *celare* so much as *saiws* does *saihwān*," that is quite enough. It shows that he merely looks at the matter superficially, and is entirely misled by appearances. The student knows better. The former pair of words is demonstrably connected with each other; the latter cannot be connected at all. As the proof is a neat little exercise in comparative philology, I proceed to give it.

The Gothic *huljan*, to hide, corresponds with the Latin *celare*, to hide, in everything but the prime vowel. For every Gothic initial *h* is equivalent to a Latin initial *c*; both words contain *l*; and the Gothic suffix *-jan* is due to the Indo-Germanic suffix *-ya-*, which comes out in Latin, regularly, as *-are*. All that is left is to connect the Gothic short *u* with the Latin long *e*. These vowel-sounds are connected by the regular rules of gradation, as exhibited by the Anglo-Saxon root-verb—viz., *helan*, to hide, past tense *hæl*, past tense plural *hælon* (with long *æ*), and pp. *holen*. This formula enables us to reconstruct the corresponding Gothic verb, which must necessarily have been *hailan*, past tense *hal*, past tense plural *helum* (with long *e*), pp. *hulans*. This gives us all we want; for the past-tense-plural-stem—viz., *hel-* (with long *e*) corresponds to the Latin *cel-* in *celare* (also with long *e*), and the pp. *hul-*ans shows the same gradation as the Gothic causal verb *hul-jan*. Q.E.D.

Secondly, I have already explained that the Gothic *ai* is somewhat of a trap, as it has two distinct values, easily distinguished by every student of Germanic philology. The short value occurs in *saihwān*, to see, where *ai* is equivalent to the Latin short *e*, or to the Greek *epsilon*, as is abundantly clear from the way in which Wulfila transliterates Greek words; whilst the long value occurs in *saiws*, sea, and in *saiwala*, soul, and is equivalent to the Greek diphthong *oi*; in fact, the Gk. *oida*, I know, is the same word as the Gothic *wait* and the English *wot*. And it so happens that the Greek *epsilon* and the Greek *oi* belong to different systems of

gradation, and cannot be connected or brought together by any vowel-change whatever. Besides which, the Gothic *saihwān* possesses an *hw*, answering to Latin *qu* and Gk. *ph*, whilst *saiws* contains a simple *w*, Lat. *v*, Gk. *digamma*. Hence to connect *saihwān* with *saiws* involves the connection of the Latin *qu* with Latin *v*, much as if we were asked to admit a connection between *quis* and *vis*, which is simply absurd. Any one who can follow these explanations will see the absurdity.

As to the Latin *oculus*, I have said that the root was *og*, and neither *oc* nor *ok*, as Mr. Dodgson perversely has it. The Greek root-form was *op*; and the long grade was *ōp* (with long *o*), as in the common derivative *ὄψορ-ωρ-ωρ*. It was, therefore, not *ok* at all; and the word *ocean* has nothing to do with it.

It is impossible, for want of space, to explain all the errors in this last unfortunate performance. I can only enumerate them, and repudiate all belief in them. The chief are as follows: 1. *Mor-ning* has nothing to do with the Latin *mare*. 2. Nor with *mar-mor*. 3. Nor with *mar-tyr*. 4. *Ocean* cannot be allied to *op-tics*. 5. *Sea* cannot be allied to *see*. 6. *Soul* cannot be allied to *see*. For all I know, the soul may be able to see, but certainly the Goth was unaware of it.

The point is shortly this: that when our friend claims to possess Stamm's "Ulfilas," and to have studied Gothic for thirty years, we see at once that he has nevertheless wholly failed to understand the phonology of the language.

Phonology and philology are things apart from translation. For every hundred men who understand the latter only there is seldom more than one who understands both. The wise man refrains from exhibiting his defects, and Mr. Dodgson would do well when giving his guesses to refrain from giving reasons.

WALTER W. SKEAT.

AN AWKWARD BLUNDER

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In this week's *Illustrated London News* Mr. Andrew Lang severely reprimands a writer for misquoting two well-known lines by Tennyson, and then, unfortunately, himself proceeds to misquote them.

This is Mr. Lang's version:

There is more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds.

What Tennyson really wrote was, of course:

There lives more faith, &c.

It is interesting to note how this little alteration by Mr. Lang suffices to convert Tennyson's poetry into prose.

In the same article Mr. Lang also alters Carlyle's

Into eternity,
At night, will return—

to

Into eternity
It will return.

I prefer Carlyle's version.

W.

PURE ENGLISH

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The purity of the English in the prose articles of THE ACADEMY, which is attained by no other literary paper, is marred on page 665 of the current number, in Mr. Machen's article, when he writes:

"I think it is Mr. G. K. Chesterton that has pointed out that somewhere . . ."

Surely the sentence demands "who has pointed out."

H. P. H.

[Mr. Machen writes: H. P. H. is referred to the A. V. of the New Testament, *passim*.]

"OLD AND NEW JAPAN"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—My attention has been called to a review of my recent book, "Old and New Japan," which appeared in your pages. I shall be greatly obliged to you if you will give space for a word of explanation. In the prefatory note, which was by a most unfortunate circumstance, caused by illness and the necessity of rushing the book through the press, overlooked until it was impossible to include it in the present edition, occurs the following paragraph:—

In a book of the kind, dealing rather with the history and social customs of a people than being a record of travel, many authorities have of necessity had to be consulted, and in a measure drawn upon. They are too numerous to mention

in exact detail; but the author gratefully acknowledges the source of much valuable information (as well as much personal instruction) to the following:—Basil Hall Chamberlain, the author of "Translation of Kojiki," "Hand-book of Colloquial Japanese," etc.; Lafcadio Hearn, author of a number of valuable works; Arthur May Knapp, the anonymous author of an excellent sketch of the Religions of Japan; and to Miss Alice M. Bacon, author of "Japanese Girls and Women," for some interesting details of the more intimate phases of the Japanese woman's family life.

This will, I hope, serve to remove your reviewer's very reasonable criticism regarding an omission.

C. HOLLAND.

THE JOURNEY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—May I be permitted to express my great admiration for the beautiful poem which appears in the current number of THE ACADEMY? In its exquisite simplicity it reminds one of the faultless profile of some ancient Greek cameo.

"ROWLAND THIRLMERE."

PULPIT ADVERTISEMENTS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In your issue of April 4th, "Life and Letters," I read: "We can remember no case in which really fine work has been publicly praised from the pulpit or from other exalted quarters." I have been more fortunate. Quite recently Bishop Gore commended in this way at Birmingham Law's "Serious Call." Early in the "eighties" an eloquent Canon exclaimed in St. Paul's Cathedral (shortly after the publication of the book), "Have you read 'John Inglesant'?" This led one of his hearers at least to get and read what most will allow to be "really fine work." But, *per contra*, another eloquent Canon in the same Cathedral, whose sermons are widely published and read, referred with eulogy to the "Buonaparte of Battersea Bridge." (That is near enough to the real title of one of the periodical "Broadgrins" of a notorious living literary contortionist.) Might not the Cathedral authorities forbid to occupiers of the historic pulpit all exploiting of living writers by name, good, bad, or indifferent? The advertisement will soon besilver the chancel-floor. In a rural parish I have been successful in keeping the advertisement out of the graveyard by erasing or forbidding the stonemason's name on the tombs. But as things are going, popular preachers with short purses and elastic consciences may be *got at* to puff some nostrum for body or soul in the pulpit. Sacred things will get bespattered by the yellow mire from the marishes round the base of the *Mont Carmel de nos jours*. Let the clergy, at least, combine to keep puffery, quackery, and all American methods out of the Temple.

R. F. McCausland.

Hawsker Vicarage.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—A Conference on Capital Punishment, to be held in Caxton Hall on Thursday afternoon, June 18th next, is being arranged by the Romilly Society, with the co-operation of the Humanitarian League, the Howard Association, the Medico-Legal Society, the Society for the Abolition of Capital Punishment, the Penal Reform League, &c., and prominent speakers have promised to take part. Applications for tickets may be made to the Hon. Secretary, Mr. C. Phillipson, 1, Mitre Court Buildings, Temple.

C. PHILLIPSON.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The service arranged in Westminster Abbey for members of the University of London on Presentation Day last year met with so marked a response that it was resolved, at a general meeting of London students held on November 25th, to request the Dean of Westminster to arrange a service again this year.

We should be much obliged if you would kindly allow us through your columns to make it known that the Dean has consented that a service for members of the University of London should be held in the Abbey on Presentation Day, Wednesday, May 6th, at 6 p.m. With the consent of the Dean, the Bishop of Birmingham has accepted the invitation to preach the sermon.

The service will be open to all persons officially connected with the University of London as teachers or otherwise, to all graduates and undergraduates, and all regular students of schools of the University. All graduates of the University and all

graduates of other Universities officially connected with the University of London are requested to wear full academic dress. It is hoped that undergraduates also will wear academic dress.

Tickets admitting to the reserved space in the Abbey will be sent to all persons eligible who apply for them to Mr. L. S. Kempthorne, University of London, University College, Gower Street, W.C., enclosing a stamped addressed envelope. Applicants should state whether they are graduates or undergraduates. Application for tickets should be made as soon as possible, and not later than April 20th. Seats cannot be reserved for friends of members, but they will be admitted to such space as may be available in the north transept at 5.55 p.m. by the north door. It is particularly requested that applications for tickets should on no account be addressed to the Dean or to any other official of the Abbey.

E. C. HUDSON, } Hon. Secretaries to the
L. S. KEMPTHORNE, } Westminster Abbey
WINIFRED MAY, } Service Committee.

University College, Gower Street, W.C., April 9.

BOOKS RECEIVED

POETRY

- Lucas, St. John. *New Poems*. Constable, 5s. net.
Kelly, Charles Arthur. *Lays of Hellas*. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, 3s. 6d. net.
Gerard, William. *A Prologue and other Poems*. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, 3s. 6d. net.
Poems of Browning. Selected, and with an Introduction by Augustine Birrell. Jack, 2s. 6d. net.
Platt, William. *Drama of Life*. The Celtic Press, n.p.
Roman Sonnets. Written and Illustrated by William Leighton.
Florentine Sonnets. Written and Illustrated by William Leighton.
Bourdillon, Francis William. *Preludes and Romances*. Allen, 3s. 6d. net.

EDUCATIONAL

- The Riverside Literature Series. The Song of Roland*. Translated by Isabel Butler. Harrap, 1s. 6d.
The Book of Merlin. The Book of Sir Balin. Edited by Professor C. G. Child. Harrap, 1s.
Beowulf. Translated by Professor C. G. Child. Harrap, 1s.
Chaucer's Prologue, Knight's Tale, and Nun's Priest's Tale. Edited by Frank Mather. Harrap, 1s. 6d.
A Treasury of Verse for School and Home. Selected and arranged by M. G. Edgar. Harrap, Part III. 10d., Part IV. 1s.
A Treasury of Ballads. Selected and arranged by M. G. Edgar. Harrap, 1s.
Wilnot-Buxton, E. M. *A History of Great Britain*. Methuen, 3s. 6d.
Trois Portraits Littéraires. By Sainte-Beuve. Edited by D. L. Savory. The Clarendon Press, 3s. net.
Espana and Emaux et Camées. By Theophile Gautier. Edited by C. Edmund Delbos. The Clarendon Press, 2s. net.
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